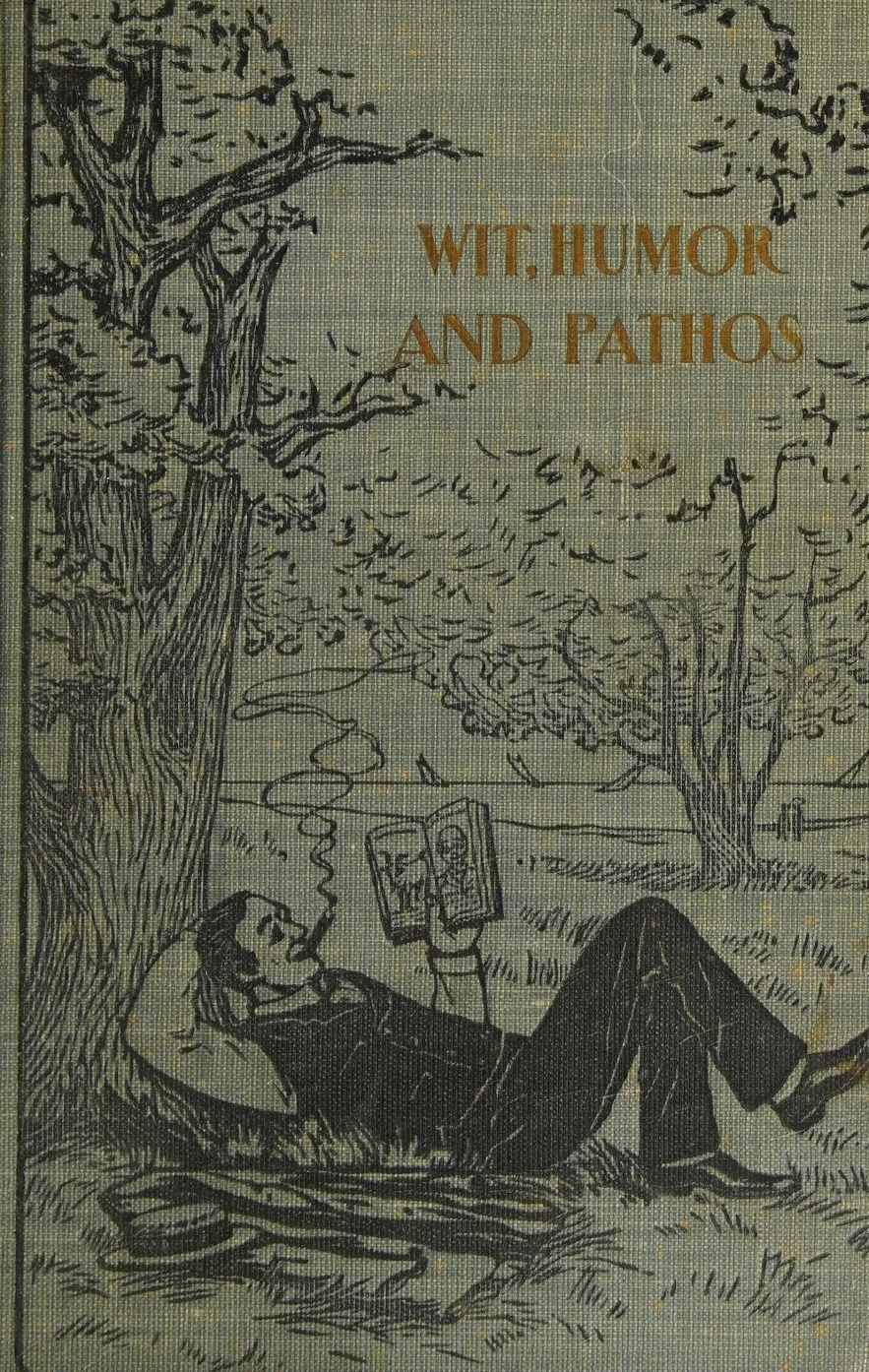
WIT, HUMOR AND PATHOS



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UNCLE CONSIDER'S ADVICE.

"Don't you never blow a man's branes out to git his money, Eli; but you jes' sly aroun' an' blow his money out, an' so git his branes."

ELI PERKINS

WIT, HUMOR AND PATHOS

BY
MELVILLE D. LANDON
(Eli Perkins)

With Multiform Illustrations

After models by those designing young men, Nast, Darley, Fredericks, Eytinge, White, Stephens, and others

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PREFACE.

"I have the honor," said General Butler, at the Medical-Lego dinner at Delmonico's—"I have the honor of knowing three of the greatest liars—the greatest living liars in America."

"Who are they?" asked the venerable Sam Ward, as he dropped a chicken partridge to listen to the General.

"Well, sir," said the General, as he scratched his head thoughtfully, "Mark Twain is one, and Eliar Perkins is the other two!"

Arise and sing!

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WIT, HUMOR, SATIRE AND PATHOS.

NEW YORK RELIGION.

"JOHN," said a rich New York grocer to his man, have you mixed the glocuse with the sugar?"

"Yes, sir."

"And sanded it, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dampened the tobacco?"

"Yes, sir."

"And watered the whisky?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you may come in to prayers."

ELI'S BABY STORY.

"LILLIE, did you say your prayers last night?" asked a fashionable New York mother of her sweet little girl who remained home while the mother went to the Charity Ball.

"Yes, mamma, I said 'em all alone."

"But who did you say them to, Lillie, when your nurse was out with me?"

"Well, mamma, when I went to bed, I looked around the house for somebody to say my prayers to, and there was'nt nobody in the house to say 'em to, and so I said 'em to God."

SENATOR BLAINE TELLS ELI PERKINS A STORY.

"THERE was a young man from Bangor," said Senator Blaine to me this morning," who came to Saratoga. He was a very smart young man at home—this young man from Bangor. He could win large bets at the baseball games when his brother was pitcher, and he could even earn money, like General Schenck and Henry Waterson, playing poker.

"The other day," continued Mr. Blaine, "some of my Maine friends told me that this young man went down to Reed's Saratoga Club House. He bet high and lost. Then he hauled out a roll of bills and bet more—only to lose. Finally he bet his last cent. He lost that. Then knowledge struck him. A light broke in upon him, and he seized his hat and said:

"What? Mr. Blaine—what did he say?" I asked, interested.

"I will tell you what he said, Eli. He said: " 'Gentlemen, I don't think I know enough to play this Saratoga game—but, by gosh, I know enough not to!' "

MRS. PERKINS FINDS A GENTLE HORSE.

My wife having been run away with once is always afraid the horse is going to run away with her again. Yesterday, when Harrington, who runs the Maplewood Hall stables, at Pittsfield, Mass., brought up a span, he had to stand the usual questioning:

"Now, are they very gentle?"

"Oh, certainly—kind as kittens."

"Did they ever run away?"

"Never."

"Do you think they could run away?"

Harrington looked at the horses sadly and said: "Madame, to be frank with you, I don't think they could."

"Well, have they ever been frightened?"

"No, never. Nothin' could frighten 'em," said Harrington.

"Has anything ever happened to them that would have frightened them if they had been skittish?" continued my wife earnestly.

"Well, yes, ma'am; suthin' did happen thuther day that would have skeered 'em ef they'd been skittish.

"What, Harrington—what?"

"Why, I was drivin' along down the Woolsey hill, when a storm came up, an' six streaks of lightnen' struck them horses right on the head and——"

"Did they run?"

"No, ma'am; they didn't move; they jest stood still and pawed the ground for more lightnen'. They liked it.

"An' the next day," continued Harrington, "a city feller was drivin' this team, an' he let a railroad train go right through 'em."

"Did it kill them?"

"No, but the city feller was all used up. But you oughter a seen them horses; they acted so human like. Why, when they picked that city fellow out of the trees they walked straight up to him, took him by the seat of the pantaloons——"

"Oh, my!"

"Lifted him right back into the wagon again, and——"

"My gracious me!"

"And then they hitched themselves back into the wagon and drove themselves home — didn't they Mr. Kettelle?"—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

ELI PERKINS ON AMERICAN BULLS.

PUNCTUATION makes a great many bulls in this country. The other day I picked up a newspaper in Wisconsin, full of curious things. I enclose a few specimens:

"The procession at Judge Orton's funeral was very fine and nearly two miles in length as was the beautiful prayer of the Rev. Dr. Swing from Chicago."

Another:

"A cow was struck by lightning on Saturday belonging to Dr. Hammond who had a beautiful spotted calf only four days old."

A distressing accident is thus chronicled:

"A sad accident happened to the family of John Elderkin on Main street, yesterday. One of his children was run over by a market wagon three years old with sore eyes and pantalets on that never spoke afterwards.

The next morning after lecturing at Janesville, I saw this paragraph:

"George Peck an intemperate editor from Milwaukee fell over the gallery last night while Eli Perkins was lecturing in a beastly state of intoxication."

"The coroner's jury brought in a verdict that Mr. Peck came to his death by remaining too long in a cramped position while listening to Mr. Perkins' lecture which produced apoplexy on the minds of the jury.

ELI IN RICHMOND, VA.

RICHMOND, writes Eli Perkins, in the *N. Y. Star*, consists of 500 good houses, 17,000 negro huts, and 400 tobacco factories. A Richmond man showed me the town. I didn't get tired of looking at the 500 good houses, but the 400 tobacco factories wore me all out. At last, when I came to a large building, I would say:

"Another tobacco factory, sir?"

"Yes, this is a plug factory."

"Never mind," I said, "drive on; let the plug go."

Further on we came to a very large building, and a very ancient one.

"Is that a tobacco factory, too?" I asked a darkey.

"No, sah; dat's a meetin' hous', sah; dat's whar Patrick Henry delivered his great speech."

"When," I asked, "when did Patrick speak?"

"Years and years ago, sah."

"What did he say?"

"Why, he's de man what said, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"

"Well, which did he get?"

"He got 'em bof, sah."

THE BOSTON DODGE.

Last evening, writes Eli Perkins, as Mr. Stub was playing his sweet music in the States ball room, an old maid from Boston was promenading out on the flirting balcony with Mr. Jack Astor, one of our swell young gentlemen from New York.

As the lanciers stopped, Miss Warren looked languidly over into the park, sighed four times, and then pathetically remarked:

"Nobody loves me, my dear Mr. Astor; nobody——"

"Yes, Miss Warren, God loves you, and——your mother loves you."

"Mr. Astor, let's go in?"

And five minutes afterwards Miss Warren was trying the drawing-out dodge on another innocent, unsuspecting fellow.

UNCLE CONSIDER ON TEMPERANCE.

"Eli."

"Yes, Uncle."

"Let me read you suthin' from the *Christian Union*," and my Uncle Consider wiped his German-silver glasses with his red bandana handkerchief, adjusted them on his nose, and read:

A man in Jamaica, Long Island, after drinking too much cider insisted, against his wife's wishes, on smoking on a load of hay. He came home that night without any whiskers or eyebrows, and the iron work of his wagon in a potato sack."

"This little incident, Eli," said my Uncle, looking over his glasses, "preaches a sermon on temperance. It teaches us all, in these times of public corruption, tempered by private assassinations, to keep our heads 'spiritoally level.'"

"How can this be done, Uncle?" I asked.

"Jes lis'en to me, Eli, and I'll tell you. I'll open the floodgates of wisdom to you, so to speak." Then my uncle put one hand on my shoulder, looked me straight in the face, and said:

"Ef you drink wine, Eli, you will walk in winding ways; ef you carry too much beer the bier soon will carry you. Ef you drink brandy punches you will get handy punches; and ef you allers get the best of whiskey, Eli, whiskey 'll allers get the best of you."

"But brandy, Uncle—brandy has saved the lives of thousands of people—has n't it?" I asked.

"Yes, Eli, brandy has saved thousands of lives, and do you want to know how—do you? By their *not* drinking it, my boy; that's the way it saved their lives. No, my boy, if you want to keep your spirits up you mus'n't put your spirits down."

"Did you ever know brandy and whiskey to do as much damage as water has, Uncle?" I inquired, modestly.

"Yes, my boy, I have. What has brandy done in our fam'ly? Didn't I see your Uncle Nathaniel come home from the lodge one night, after he had taken too much whiskey in his water, an' didn't he stagger into the kitchen, get up on a chair and wash the face of the clock, and then deliberately get down and wind

up the baby and try to set it for'ard fifteen minutes? Didn't he!"

"But when we read in the Bible, Uncle, how much damage water has done—how it drowned Pharaoh, demoralized Jonah, and engulfed the whole human family in the deluge, don't it really make you afraid to drink any more water in your'n? Don't it?" I said, raising my voice. "I know water don't cause the destruction of two-dollar clocks," I continued, "nor wind up innocent babies, but it wound up Pharaoh's whole army and washed down the whole human race and——"

"Shut up, Eli! Don't talk to me. You make me sick," shouted my Uncle, gesticulating wildly with one hand and wiping his eyes with the other. But a moment afterward he became tranquil, and, looking over his German-silver glasses thoughtfully, he continued:

"No, no, Eli, my boy, that fust glass of wine has ruined many a yung man. The other nite," he continued, wiping his eyes, "I drempt I saw my fav'rite sun adrinken from the floin' bole. My hart yarned for 'im an' I strode to'rds 'im. As he razed the wine-glass in the air I was seezed tragick-like and sez I, 'O Rufus, the serpent lurks in that floin' wine. Giv' —O giv' it to your father!' and when he past it to'rds me I quaffed it, serpent an' all, to keep it from my tender sun. He was saved from the tempter, Eli, and turnin' with tears in my eyes I remarkt, 'O, my hopeful boy, do anything—skoop burds' nests, stun French glass winders, match sents, play with powder, take snuf, take benzine, take photographs,—*anything*, but don't take that first glass of wine.'

"'Fear not, father,' answered my noble boy. 'That first glass o' wine be blowed. Us boys is all a-slingin' in ol' crow whisky and a-punishin' gin slings and brandy smashers — if we ain't YEU kan hire a hall for me—yeu kan!'

"MI NOBLE BOY."

"Mi noble boi!" and then Uncle Consider lighted a 40-cent Partaga and proceeded to ask James what he had purchased for the week's supply from the market.

"I bought two gallons of sherry, sir, four dozen Burgundy, some of the old rum we had before, some cheese, two boxes of cigars, and two loaves of bread, an' it's all here in the larder."

"All right, James," said my Uncle, lookin' over his glasses, "but was there any need of spendin' so much money for bread?"

And then Uncle Consider went on cutting off his coupons.

SOLITAIRE DIAMONDS.

SINCE they have discovered diamonds in Africa, they are getting too common on Fifth Avenue to be even noticed. One young lady, reported to be young and handsome, wears finger-ring diamonds in her hair. A Chicago lady, staying at the Fifth Avenue, alleged to have lived with her present husband two weeks without getting a divorce, wears diamond dress-buttons; and even one of the colored waiters — an African, too, right from the mines—showed me a diamond in his carpet-bag weighing thirty-seven pounds, which he offered to sell to me in the rough for $4— a clear indication that even the Africans don't appreciate the treasures they have found.

This morning a lady from Oil City went into Tiffany's great jewelry store and said she desired to purchase a diamond.

"I understand *solitaire* diamonds are the best, Mr. Tiffany," she said, "please show me some of them."

"Here is a nice *solitaire*," answered the silver-haired diamond prince. "How do you like it?"

"Putty well," said the lady, revolving it in her fingers. "It shines well, but are you sure it is a *solitaire*, Mr. Tiffany?"

"Why, of course, madame."

"Wall now, if you will warrant it to be a real genuine *solitaire*, Mr. Tiffany, I don't mind buying it for my daughter Julia—and—come to think," she continued, as she buttoned her six-button kid-gloves and took her parasol to leave, "if you've got five or six more real genuine *solitaires* just like this one, I don't mind takin' 'em all so's to make a big *solitaire* cluster for myself."

"Yes, madame, we'll guarantee it to be a real *solitaire*," smilingly replied Mr. Tiffany, and then the head of the house went up to his private office and in the presence of four hundred clerks sat down and wrote his official guarantee that the diamond named was a genuine *solitaire*. As the lady bore the certificate from the big jewelry palace she observed to herself, "There's nothing like knowing you've got the genuine thing. It's really so satisfyin' to feel sure!"

But that evening her fiendish husband refused to buy the diamonds—"and then this beautiful woman," said Mr. Tiffany—"all dressed up in silks and laces and garnet ear-rings cut on a bias, sat down in the hotel parlor and had to refuse to go to a party at Mrs.

Witherington's because her jewels did not match her *polonaise!*"

"O dear!" said the great jeweller, and in the fullness of his grief he poured a coal scuttle into a case full of diamonds and watches and silver spoons, and a basketful of diamonds and pearls and garnets into the coal stove.

ELI PERKINS IN HOT WATER.

THE other day I sent this paragraph to *The Herald:*

"Mrs. Johnson is said to be the most beautiful woman in the hotel."

I didn't know what I was doing. I'm sorry I did it. Now the ladies are all down on me, and poor Mrs. Johnson is being persecuted on all sides. The ladies are telling all sorts of stories about her—how she poisoned her first husband, threw a baby or two down the well, and all that.

"I'VE FOUND YOU."

A few moments ago a tall, muscular gentleman entered my room, holding a long cane in his hand. He looked mad. I wasn't afraid. O! no; but I was writing, and hadn't time to talk.

"Are you Mr. Perkins?" he commenced.

"No, sir; my name is La——"

"Did you write this article about Mrs. Johnson being the most beautiful woman?" he interrupted.

"Why?" I asked modestly.

"Because my wife is here, sir—Mrs. Thompson—a very handsome woman, sir, and—"

"Ah! Thompson—yes; only the fact is I sent it down 'Thompson,' and those rascally type-setters they made 'Johnson' of it. Why, yesterday, Mr. Thompson, I wrote about President Porter, the well-deserving President of Yale College, and those remorseless type-setters set it up 'hell-deserving,' and President Porter has been cutting me ever since."

"All right, then, Mr. Perkins, if you really sent it down, 'Mrs. Thompson,' I'll put up my pistol and we'll be friends; but if I ever hear of your writing of any lady's being more beautiful than my wife I'll send you to New York in a metallic case—I will, sure!" and Mr. Thompson strode out of the room.

"BASE DECEIVER!"

A few moments afterward I met Julia, my fiancée—the one I truly love.

"You look lovely to-day, Julia!" I commenced as usual.

"You're a bore, Eli—you're a dreadful person—a false, bad man. You—"

"What is it, Julia? what has displeased you now?" I interrupted, sweetly.

"Why, you base deceiver! haven't you been calling me beautiful all the time? Haven't you made sonnets to my eyes, compared my cheeks to the lily, my arms to alabaster; and now here you go and call Mrs. Johnson the most beautiful woman in the hotel. You mean, false, two-sided man, you!" and Julia's eyes snapped like sparks of electricity.

"But, Julia, dear Julia, let me explain," I pleaded "It was all *ruse*, Julia. Don't you know, newspapers tell a good many lies—they must, you know; the people will have them; and there is a rivalry between them to see which shall tell the biggest and longest ones, you know, and tell them the oftenest?"

"Yes," she murmured sweetly.

"Well, I've been telling so much truth lately in *The Herald*, folks told me to change my course a little—to throw in a few lies, and—"

"And you did?"

"Why, yes, and this was one of them. Of course you are the most beautiful woman in Saratoga. Of *course* you are."

This seemed to make Julia happy again, and I thought I was all right. I went back to my room thinking so, but I was all wrong.

In a moment, *Rat! tat!!* TAT!!! sounded on the door.

"Come in," I said, as I stood with my pantaloons off; thinking it was the boy to take this letter to the post

"IS IT YOU, SIR?"

"Is it you who is making fun of my wife—you miserable—"

"I beg pardon, sir; if you and your wife will just step back a moment, I'll draw on my pantaloons and try and tell you," I said, trembling from head to foot.

"No, sir, we won't step back a moment, but say, sir, did you say my wife, Mrs. Johnson, was the handsomest woman in Saratoga; she who has been known

as the plainest woman and I the plainest Methodist minister in this here circuit—say, did you?"

The woman was a fright. I could see it from behind the sofa where I scootched down. She wore a mob-cap, had freckles, crooked teeth and peaked chin.

"No, sir!" I said, vehemently. "No, sir-r-r! I never said your wife was the most beautiful woman in Saratoga, for she evidently is not. I meant somebody else—another Mrs. Johnson. I could not tell a lie about it, and she is positively ugly—that is, she is not handsome; she is *not* beautiful.

"NO, SIR!"

"Far different."

"Far different! My wife not good-looking, sir? My wife far different? I'll teach you to attack my wife in that way," and then his cane flew up and I flew down. I don't know how long I staid there, but I do know that the next hour I found myself in a strange room, and my clothes smelt of chloroform and camphor. The doctors say I met with an accident. I don't know what it was, but I do know that I shall never say anything about that handsomest woman again. **Never!**

"I'LL TEACH YOU."

ELI ON FIRE-PROOF HOUSES.

It pains me to hear of so many people being burned out on account of combustible elevators and defective flues. It's dreadful how much damage fire is doing of late years when it can just as well be managed if only taken in hand.

This morning the superintendent of the New York Fire Department came to my room and wanted me to explain my theory of preventing fire.

"All right, Gen. Shaler, be seated," I said. Then I showed him the machine invented by Prof. Tyndall and myself for abstracting heat from fire.

"Heat from fire, did you say, Mr. Perkins?"

"Yes, sir," I said, turning a crank. "This is the way we do it. Put your eye on the spout. Now, do you see the cold flames coming out there while the boys are wheeling off the heat in flour barrels to cook with?"

"Splendid!" exclaimed Gen. Shaler. "What other inventions have you?"

"Dozens of them, sir," I said, leading the General into my laboratory.

Then I showed the General my famous machine for concentrating water to be used by the engines in case of drought. I showed the General my process of concentration, which is to place the water in its dilute state in large kettles and then boil it down till it is

thick. The experiment proved eminently successful. Twelve barrels of water were evaporated down to a gill, and this was sealed in a small phial, to be diluted and used to put out fires in cases of extreme drouth.

"But, Mr. Perkins, how——"

"Never mind 'how' General," said I. "You see, in some cases the water is to be evaporated and concentrated till it becomes a fine, dry powder, and this can be carried around in the vest pockets of the firemen, and blown upon the fire through tin horns—that is, it is to extinguish the fire, in a horn."

"But, Mr. Perkins,——"

"Never mind your buts, General—just you look at the powdered water," I said.

Then he examined the powdered water with great interest, took *a horn*—a horn of powdered water—in his hands and blew out four tallow candles without the use of water at all, while I proceeded to elucidate my plan for constructing fire-proof flues. I told him how the holes of the flues should be constructed of solid cast iron or some other non-combustible material, and then cold corrugated iron should be poured around them.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the superintendent. "Perfectly wonderful! But where will you place the flues, Mr. Perkins?"

"My idea," I replied, drawing a diagram on the wall-paper with a piece of charcoal, "is to have these flues in every instance located in the adjoining house."

"Magnificent! but how about the elevators?"

"Why, after putting 'em in the next house too,

I'd seal 'em up water-tight and fill 'em with Croton, and then let 'em freeze. Then I'd turn 'em bottom-side up, and if they caught fire, the flames would only draw down into the cellar."

DREADFUL PROFANITY.

A YOUNG lady who attends Vassar College came home to her mother on Madison avenue yesterday, and said that she didn't like to go to school there any more, for—for——"

"For what, Jenny?" asked her mother.

"Why, because some of the Vassar girls swear, Ma."

"Swear, Jane! Good Lord, what do you mean?"

"I mean they use bad words, Ma. I——"

"Great Heavens, child! run and tell your grandmother to come here."

[*Enter Grandmother.*]

"What is it, Marion?" asked grandmother, looking over her glasses.

"Why, goodness gracious, Mother, what do you think? Why, Jenny says the girls swear, they——"

"Lord o' mercy, Marion! Heaven knows what we'll come to next. Lord knows we've been too precious careful of our children to have 'em ruined by any such infernal dev'lishness."

"I wish to Heaven—but here, Jenny" (catching hold of the young lady), "tell me now—what do those Vassar girls say?"

"Why, Lizzie Mason talks about Mad-dam de Stael, and Lizzie Smith says when she goes to New York she'd rather ride up to see McComb's dam bridge than to have a front seat at the For-dam races.'"

"Good Lord, Jenny, how you startled me!"

ELI PERKINS'S PEN PICTURES.

(*Around town.*)

Let me show you some little every-day New York pictures this evening. There are only four of them:

I.

"Hundreds of little *Italian boys* are kept by old hags on Cherry and Baxter streets, just to steal and beg. If they come home at night without having stolen or begged certain sums, the poor little fellows are whipped and made to go to bed on the floor without any supper. Most of these boys turn out pick-pockets, and eventually go to the Island or to Sing Sing as burglars and housebreakers. One little fellow who has lived on Cherry street for seven years didn't know what the Bible was, and he told us he had never heard of Christ."—*N. Y. Times.*

But

"the Rev. Mr. Van Meter, who established the second Five Points Mission House, has raised funds enough to establish a Protestant mission church in Rome. He writes that three more *Italian subjects* have been rescued from Popery and converted to the Protestant faith, and that he is deeply solicitous for further con-

tributions from brothers and sisters in the cause to help on the glorious work and enable them to build a snug little marble parsonage for the residence of the American missionaries."—*Five Points Mission Report.*

II.

"Mrs. Mary Thomas testified this morning that Mrs. Hurley turned her out of the Girls' Lodging House on a stormy night to die in the Fifth Street Station House, and Sergeant Snyder swore that on the morning of the 18th of March he found Mary lying sick on the floor in the station house. She was in distress, and said:

"'For God's sake, have some one do something for me!' and in the midst of her crying and mourning she gave birth to a child."—*N. Y. Herald.*

But

"the private stables of Mr. Belmont, Bonner, and many other gentlemen are made of black walnut, beautifully furnished, and nicely warmed. The horses are clothed in soft, white blankets, and fed and cleaned with the regularity of clockwork. I am endeavoring to have all other animals well cared for, too, and to accomplish this I caused the arrest of a private coachman to-day, and detained the carriage in front of A. T. Stewart's, because the driver had driven tacks in the side of the bridle, which pricked and chafed the horse, compelling him to keep his head straight. If cars are overloaded the horses will be stopped, and the

people will have to walk."—*Mr. Humane (?) Bergh's Letter.*

III.

"A woman, who up to the time of our going to press had not been identified, was found dead yesterday morning on a door-step in Thirty-fourth street. The deceased evidently wandered from some of the poorer wards in search of employment, and from her emaciated condition it is probable she had not tasted food for several days. It is thought that poverty and starvation caused her death. The body, scantily clothed in a few rags, lies unclaimed in the Morgue."—*N. Y. Sun.*

But

"Mrs. Livingstone's elegant and fashionable reception and german, at her palatial Fifth avenue mansion on Monday evening, was too gorgeous for description. Many of the ladies' toilets came from Worth's, and cost fabulous sums, and the flowers which draped the rooms—all rare exotics—must have cost a small fortune. Among the guests sparkling with jewels was Mrs. Lawrence, whose bridal *trousseau*, when she was married last week, is said to have cost

$7,000. The rare and expensive wines which cheered the occasion, some of them costing as high as $20 per bottle, astonished even the *connoisseurs.*"—*Home Journal.*

IV.

"Bellevue Hospital is often crowded to excess with sick, so much so that patients suffer through bad air and inattention. * * * * *

"It is impossible to warm the Tombs, or to keep it from being damp, unwholesome, and sickly; and until an appropriation of at least $50,000 is made by the city, prisoners must continue to be crowded together and continue to suffer, especially in cold weather, beneath damp bed-clothes."—*Report Commissioners of Charities and Correction.*

But

"the Park Commissioner is of opinion that it will cost $5,000,000 to complete the new Natural History buildings in Central Park, to give ample room for the minerals, fossils, and live animals. The *wild animals* of the zoological collection take up a large amount of room in the Park buildings, and it costs the city a great deal of money to feed them and keep them *properly warmed*, but they are a source of great amusement to the nurses and children."—*Park Commissioner's Report.*

A FIFTH AVENUE EPISODE.

Miss Livingstone was calling on the Fifth Avenue Woffingtons yesterday afternoon. As she stepped out of her bottle-green laudaulet to walk up the Woffington brown-stone portico, a swarm of sparrows from Union Square chirped and twittered over her head and up along the eaves. The sparrows were dodging about after flies and worms—something substantial—while Miss Livingstone's mind never got beyond her lace overskirt and the artificials on her Paris hat.

"It's perfectly drefful, Edward!" she observed to the bell-boy as she shook out her skirts in the hall—"howible!" Then flopping herself into a blue satin chair, she exclaimed: "I do hate those noisy spaw'ows, Mrs. Woffington. They'r beastly—perfectly atwocious!"

"But you know they destroy the worms, Miss Livingstone; they kill millions of 'em—just live on 'em. Now, wouldn't you rather have the sparrows than the worms, Miss Livingstone? Wouldn't you?"

"No, I wouldn't, Mrs. Woffington. Just look at my new brown silk—the nasty, noisy things! I——"

"But worms eat trees and foliage and fruit, Miss Livingstone. They destroy——"

"They don't eat silk dresses, Mrs. Woffington, and they don't roost on nine-dollar ostrich feathers and

thirty dollar hats, do they? I'm for the worms, I tell you, and I don't care who knows it! I hate spaw'ows!"

"Well, I hate worms, I do. I hate——"

Just then Miss Livingstone's brother—a swell member of the Knickerbocker club — Eugene Augustus Livingstone, entered, interrupting the sentence, when both ladies turned on him and exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Livingstone, we were discussing sparrows and worms, and we refer the question to you. Now answer, which had you rather have — sparrows or worms?"

"Well, weally I kont say, ladies. Weally, 'pon m' honor I kont, yeu kneuw—yeu kneuw. I never had——"

"But which do you think you'd rather have, Mr. Livingstone? Which——"

"I weally kont say, ladies, for I never had the spawows—at least, not since I can remember; but the worms——"

"Oh, Mr. Livingstone!" and then poor Eugene Augustus had to open the window and sprinkle ice-water all over two fainting Worth dresses, which looked as if some careless milliner had let them drop—a woman sinker in each holding it to the carpet.

A LONESOME MAN.

BANK DEPOSITORS.

In Denver, years ago — when Denver was made up of a population of robbers and gamblers and adventurers—there used to be a miners' bank—a bank where miners deposited bags of gold dust, or sold it for currency. In the bank, before the teller's window, there sat, one day, a forlorn, dejected, woe-begone looking old miner—a seedy old forty-niner. He wore an old faded slouch hat, about the color of his tangled, sun-browned beard. He never spoke as the other miners came in and exchanged their dust for coin, and no one spoke to him. He was a personified funeral—a sad, broken-hearted man. As this sad miner sat there, one day, smoking his pipe, and seemingly oblivious to anything, a young man entered and jauntily handed in his bag of dust.

"It weighs six hundred and eighty dollars, Mr. Johnson," said the teller, taking it from the scales.

"All right; give me credit on the books," said the young man, moving towards the door. But, turning on his heel in the doorway, he paused a moment, put his hand thoughtfully across his brow, and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir; but it seems to me you

made a little mistake in paying me last week, didn't you?"

"No, sir, we never err, sir; and if we did, sir, it's too late to correct it now. You should have spoken about it at the time," replied the teller, coolly.

"But, sir, I'm positive that you paid me ninety dollars too much. Suppose you weigh the last week's bag again," urged the young man.

"Oh, if the mistake was that way, perhaps we did," replied the teller, putting the bag of gold dust on the scales again. "Godness! I did make a mistake. Just ninety dollars and ——"

"Here's your money," interrupted the young man, throwing down the amount in coin.

"I'm very much obliged," said the teller; "for the mistake would have come out of my wages when we came to balance. I cannot thank you too much."

The only man watching the transaction was the old slouch-hatted miner. He arose, fastened his eyes on the young man, then came and watched him pay the money back. Surprise filled his countenance. His eyes opened wide, and his lips fell apart with astonishment. Then, looking the honest young man straight in the face, he exclaimed:

"DON'T YOU FEEL LONESOME?"

"Stranger, don't you feel mighty lonesome 'round here?"

SARATOGA SPRING FASHIONS.

For the benefit of many young ladies who remain away from Saratoga, that beautiful spot where

"The weary cease from troubling and the wicked are at rest,"

I send the following account of the latest watering place fashions:

"Shoes are worn high in the neck, flounced with point aquille lace, cut on the bias. High heels are common in Saratoga, especially in the hop room. Cotton hose, open at the top, are very much worn, some of them having as many as three holes in them. Cotton plows are not seen.

"Children—Are made very forward this year, but they are very often dispensed with entirely for quiet toilets. They are too loud. A neat thing in babies can be made of drab pongee, gored and puckered to match the panier. Little boys ruffled, fluted, and cut on the bias to match the underskirt are very much worn. Many are worn all down to living skeletons by such fashionable ladies as Miss Management, Miss Usage, Miss Behavior, Miss Doing, and Miss Guidance.

"Bonnets—Are worn high—none less than $35. They are made high in the instep and cut *décolleté* in front, trimmed with the devilknowswhat. Low neck

bonnets with paniers are no longer worn. The front of the bonnet is now invariably worn behind.

"Lovers—Are once more in the fashion. They are worn on the left side for afternoon toilets, and directly in front for evening ball-room costume. A nice thing in lovers can be made of hair (parted in the middle), a sickly moustache, bosom pin, cane and sleeve buttons, dressed in checked cloth. Giant intellects are not fashionable in Saratoga this season. The broad, massive, thick skull is generally preferred. The old lover trimmed with brains, character, and intelligence is no longer worn.

"Dresses—Are not worn long—none over two days. They are trimmed with Wooster Street sauce, looped up with Westchester County lace, with monogram on 'em. Shake well and drink while hot. Inclose twenty-five cents for circular.

"Eli dè Perkins, Modist.

"Hotel des Etats Unis, Saratoga, *August*, 1875."

ABOUT CHILDREN.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.

YESTERDAY Miss Miller said her friend, Mrs. Thompson, was wrapped up in a beautiful camel's hair shawl which she said she paid $2,000 for at Stewart's.

"That's nothing at all," said my Uncle Consider. "I know a lady up in Litchfield who is wrapped up in a beautiful home-made baby that she won't take $200,000 for!"

Uncle Consider is crazy on home-made things.

LITTLE NELL.

LITTLE NELLIE, whom we all see every day dancing around the parlors, won her mother's permission to sit up in the ball-room every night for a week, by proving that she had four fathers.

How did she do it? This was the way:

"Now, ma, I have one more father than no little girl, haven't I?

"Yes, pet."

"Well, no little girl has three fathers; and if I have one more father than no little girl, then I must have four fathers."

Alas! we've all got forefathers, but little Nellie went a step farther than us all in her logic.

SIMPLICITY.

"OU'S DOT FUNNY HAIR!"

ANOTHER little girl toddled up to a venerable "mother in Israel" yesterday who was leaning over engaged in reading, and, smoothing her little hand cautiously over the old lady's beautiful silver hair, she said:

"Why, ou has dot such funny hair—ou has." Then, pausing a moment, she looked up and inquired, "What made it so white?"

"Oh, the frosts of many winters turned it white, my little girl," replied the old lady.

"Didn't it hurt ou?" asked the little thing, in childish amazement. It was the first time she had ever seen gray hair.

CHILDREN HALF PRICE.

ONE day I took a crowd of children in Saratoga

down to see Ben the educated pig. Among them was little Johnny Wall, who has always been troubled because he had no little sister to play with. When he asked his mother to get him a little sister, she always put him off with:

"OH, UNTLE ELI!"

"Yes, Johnny, when children get cheap I'll buy you a little sister. You must wait."

So to-day when Mr. Jarvis read these letters on Educated Ben's tent—

Children half price—15 cents.

little Johnny jumped straight up and down, clapped his hands, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Untle Eli! now mamma can buy a itty sister for me, for itty children ain't only half price now—only 15 cents."

AMBITIOUS CHILDREN.

When Johnny came back, his mother showed him a picture of a jackass with long ears in a picture-book, when this colloquy occurred:

"Does ou see itty dackass, mamma, stan'in' all loney in ze picsur?" asked the little three-year old.

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, mamma, Nursey been tellin' Donney all about

itty dackass. He ha-n't any mamma to make him dood, an' no kind nursey 't all. Poor itty dackass hasn't dot no Bidzet to dess him c'ean an' nice, an' he hasn't any overtoat yike Donney's 't all. Oo solly, mamma?"

DONNEY.

"Yes, dear, I am very sorry. Poor itty dackass! Dot nobody 't all to turl his hair pritty, has he, Donney? an' he hasn't dot no soos or tockies on his foots. Dot to yun an' tick all day in 'e dirt. Tan't ever be put to seepy in his itty beddy 't all, 'an—"

"O mamma!" interrupted Johnny.

"What, baby?"

"I wiss I was a itty dackass."

SERVANTGALISM.

A LADY writes that she has great trouble with her servant girls. She says she has only herself, husband, and little girl, but that it takes just as many servants to keep house as if she had a dozen in the family—that is, she must keep a cook, nurse, chambermaid, and a girl to dust around and attend the door-bell. "Now, Mr. Perkins," she asks, "how can I get two good, old-fashioned girls, who will work together and run my little house?"

I don't know, my good lady, unless you advertise. Suppose you put this advertisement in the *Herald* to-morrow, and see the result:

COOK WANTED.

A woman in respectable circumstances, living on Lexington avenue, and who can give good references from the last lady who worked for her, wishes a situation as mistress over two young ladies. The advertiser has a husband and one child, but if the child is an objection, it will be sent out to board. The ladies who consent to enter into the alliance will have full management of the house. They will be allowed to employ an inferior person to assist them in doing their own washing and ironing, provided they will allow the advertiser to put in a few small pieces, such as collars, cuffs, and baby clothes. The advertiser will assist in the heavy work, such as wiping down the stairs, building fires, and such other labor as may be considered unbecoming in a lady. A

gentleman of color will be in attendance to wash door-steps, scrub stairs, clean knives and dishes, carry water and run on errands. The young ladies will have Sundays and Saturday afternoons to themselves, and can use the back parlor for evening company during the week, provided the advertiser can use it in the morning. In case the young ladies desire to give a party, the advertiser, after giving up the keys of the wine-cellar and larder, will spend the night at the hotel. If the young ladies have relatives, they can supply them with flour, chickens, and vegetables from the common larder. Presents will be exchanged on Christmas, and the young ladies can have a set of jewelry or a point lace underskirt on Easter morning.

Candidates will please send address to No. — Lexington avenue, when the advertiser will call on them with her recommendations and certificates of good character.

UPPERTENDOM.

ELI PERKINS ON SHODDY PEOPLE—HE MOURNS BECAUSE HE IS NOT RICH.

JULIA.

Last night I made a fashionable call on a fashionable young lady—not one of your intellectual young ladies, who takes pride in brains and literature and travel and music, but one of *our* real "swell" girls, who dotes on good clothes and diamonds and laces, and who bathes daily in a bath tub of Caswell and Hazard's cologne; who keeps a Spanish poodle, dyes her hair yellow, wears a four-inch Elizabethan ruffle, and has her face powdered with real pearl powder, specked with black court-plaster.

My dear Julia sat under the mild light of an opal shade, fanned herself with a twenty-inch Japanese fan, and discoursed—oh, so sweetly! By her side sat Eugene Augustus Livingstone, of the Jockey Club. She told me everything—how the Browns had sailed for Paris; how the lace on Mrs. Fuller's dress cost $3,000; how Mrs. Jones had a new Brewster landaulet; how Miss Fielding was flirting with Mr. Munson; how all the girls were going up to Thomas' concerts, and——"

"Is Thomas going to give the Ninth Symphony?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; he's going to give them all—the ninth and tenth; and won't they be jolly?"

"Is he going to give the Symphony in D minor?"

"Oh, nao! not in Deminer. Mr. Perkins, but in Central Park Garden; too lovely, ain't it?"

"I understand," I said, "that they are going to have the 'Dead March in Saul.'"

"Why, I didn't know that the dead ever marched anywhere, Mr. Perkins! How can they? Well, I don't care how much the dead march in Saul if they don't get up and march around in Central Park Garden. I——"

"How did you like the Church Musicals, Mr. Livingstone?" I asked.

EUGENE AUGUSTUS.

"O, they're beastly—perfectly beastly—haw-a-ble. They make one so confounded sleepy that yeou kon't keep awake, yeou kneuw—dre'ful bore—dre'ful!"

"What book are you reading now, Miss Julia?" I asked, delighted to be able to converse with a literary young lady.

"O, I'm running over one of Dumas's—awful bores though, ain't they? Dre'ful stupid!"

"Shall you read *Never Again*, Miss Julia?"

"Never again? I should hope so—a good many times again. How sarcastic you are—perfectly atrocious!"

"Do you read *Once a Week?*"

"Once a week! Why, I hope I do, Mr. Perkins. I hope——"

"Perhaps you read *Every Saturday*, Miss Julia?"

"No, I read Sundays—read novels and society papers—all about balls and parties—ain't they nice?"

"But, speaking of intellectual feasts, Miss Julia, how do you like the genial Lamb?"

"O, lamb—the tender lamb—lamb and green peas! They're too lovely; and sweetbread and asparagus and——"

"And the philosophical Bacon, on which the hungry souls of England have fed for almost a century?"

"Yes, that lovely English bacon! don't mention it. Mr. Perkins! A rasher of that English bacon, with English breakfast tea, and---"

And so Julia rattled on. I was delighted. I wanted to stay and talk with Augustus and Julia forever. I loved to sit at the feet of wisdom and discourse upon the deep philosophy of hair dyes and pearl powder, and to roam with Julia through classic shades of pannierdom, and belt and buckledom.

Eugene Augustus now invited Julia to treat us with music—"some lovely gem culled from—from what the Dickens is the opera by—by the fairy-fingered what's-his-name, you know."

"Do, Miss Julia, do sing us that divine song about the moon—*do!*" pleaded Augustus.

Then Julia flirted up her panniers behind, coquettishly wiggle-waggled to a Chickering Grand, and sang:

When ther moo-hoon is mi-hild-ly be-heam-ing
O'er ther ca-halm and si-hi-lent se-e-e-a,
Its ra-dyunce so so-hoft-ly stree-heam-ing,
Oh ther-hen, oh ther-hen
I thee-hink
Hof thee-hee
I thee-hink
I thee-hink
I thee-he-he-hehehehe-hink hof theeeeeeee!!

"Beautiful, Miss Julia! Beautiful!!" and we all clapped our hands.

"Do please sing another verse—it's perfectly divine, Miss Julia," said Eugene Augustus.

Then Julia raised her golden (dyed) head, touched the white ivory with her jeweled fingers, and warbled:

When the sur-hun is brigh-hi-hight-ly glowing
O'er the se-hene so dear-hear to meee,
And swee-heet the wee-hind is blo-ho-hoing,
Oh ther-hen, oh ther-hen
I thee-hink
Hof thee-hee,
I thee-hink
I thee-hink
I thee-he-he-hehehehehehe-hink hohohohohohoho
hoho h-o-f theeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!!!

"Beautiful! Just too lovely!!"

"THEM RAFFELLS!"

As Julia finished the last "theeeeeeee" her father, who grew up from an office boy to be a great dry goods merchant, entered. He'd been out to an auction, buying some genuine copies of works of art by the old masters.

"I tell ye'r what, says he, "them Raffells is good, an' Mikel Angelo he could paint too—he——"

"Did you buy an Achenbach, Mr. Thompson?" asked Augustus.

"'Buy an akin' back?' I guess not. I don't want no akin' backs, nor rheumatism, nor——"

"And was there a Verboeckoven?" I inquired.

"No, sir; there wa'n't no Verboecks hove in—they

ain't a hovin' in Verboecks now. Money is tight an' paintin's is riz."

"Ah, did you buy any Church's or Worms?"

"Buy churches and worms! What the devil do I want to buy churches and worms for? I'm buyin' works of art, sir. I'm buying——"

"Ah! perhaps you bought some Coles, and may be an English Whistler?"

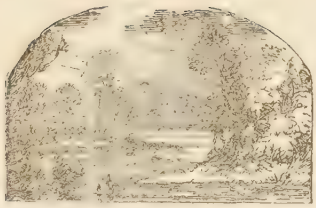
"Me buy coals and an English whistler! No, sir; I'm not a coal dealer. I'm a dry goods man—A. B. Thompson & Co., dry goods, sir, and I can do my own whistling, and——

And so Mr. Thompson went on!

But alas! how could I, a poor author, commune farther with this learned encyclopedia of beautiful calico and grand old cheese, and pure and immaculate saleratus, and sharp and pointed needles?—I, who cannot dance the German or buy a "spiked" team!

Alas! I sigh as the tears roll down my furrowed cheeks, what profit is it to know the old masters—to commune with Phidias—to chant the grand old hexameter of the Iliad, when you cannot buy and own them? I am a poor, ruined man. I cannot buy—I cannot build—I cannot decorate! I can only sit and weep in sackcloth and ashes, at the shrine of the beautiful and the true.

ELI DOLOROSO.



LETTER FROM ANT CHARITY.

AUNT CHARITY'S letter from the Perkins' Farm in Litchfield county!

I give it just as written, for I love my maiden aunt, who stays on the old farm, runs the Episcopal church, boards all the school-marms, and keeps splendid preserves and sweetmeats for all her nephews when they visit the old homestead. E. P.

PERKINS' FARM, Litchfield Co., Ct., *May* 25.

Eli Perkins:

My dear Nevy—Yours received. While your Uncle Consider was in Afriky your maden Aunt Ruth and I thot wed get up an expedishun to New York to do sum Spring tradin'.

ANT CHARITY.

We spent 4 weeks at the 5th Heavenue.

We are glad to get back to Litchfield County whare there is not .so much commerce and good clothes, but whare intelleck is highly prized, and whare virtue and piety shines on the forehead of society—so to speak. We are glad to get

back whare it don't take 100 yards to make a dress. whare fair women don't paint their faces, and whare dark women don't ware golden hair.

While many are ambishus to worship at the shrine of the godess of Fashion, I am willin' to stay away from the old girl forever. I don't want to ware white lips in the mornin' and cherry-colored lips in the afternoon. I don't think it is right to ware strate dresses with no busts in the mornin' and stun the innocent men with full busts like the Venus Medechy in the evenin'. I don't think it is Christian for young fellers to hold your hands, and put their arms around your waste, and hug you tite in the evenin' round dances, when it is konsidered hily onproper for a young lady even to smile at a feller out of a third-story winder in the mornin'.

No! no!! Eli, such fashuns is not founded onto the gospel. Search the good book thru an' you can't find a passage which justifies heels over two inches hi'. Examine the pen-ta-took from Generations to Revolutions an' you won't find enny excuse for young ladies bucklin' on automatic umbrellas in place of swords, or wearin' $60 bonnets made out of two straws, a daisy, an' a suspender buckle.

You ask me how we succeeded in buyin' things.

We can't say much for New York as a tradin' port New London is far cheaper.

First we went to Messur De Go-Bare's, the man dressmaker, for we wanted to sho' our Litchfield nabers the highflyingist stiles of the Empire City.

"Vot veel I show ze madame?" asked M. Go-Bare, a-smilin' sweetly.

"Dresses," sez I, in a firm tone—"I want you to make me four dresses."

"Dresses for ze morning or for ze evening, madame?"

"Why, good dresses, sir—dresses for all day-dresses to wear from six o'clock in the mornin' till nine at night," I replied with a patrishun air.

"Ough! zen ze madame will have ze *polonaise*, ze *watteau* wiz ze grande *panier* and ze skirt *à la* Marie Antoinette and ——"

"Yes, everything," sez I, carelessly; "and now, my good man, how many yards will it take?"

"*We*, madame, it will take for ze *grande* dress 176 [illegible]. Oh! I veel make ze madame one *habit* magnifique, one——"

"What, 176 yards for one dress!" I exclaimed, holdin' my breath.

"*We*, zat" explained the man-tailor, rubbing his hands. "Zat is wiz ze *polonaise*, ze *watteau*, ze *panier*, ze flounce, cut in ze Vandykes——"

ANT RUTH.

Good heavens, man! must I have all these things?—and what will they all cost?" I exclaimed, tryin' to conceal my emoshun.

"Ough! a veere little, Madame—only seventeen-fifty wiz all ze rare lace on ze flounces, and——"

"Gracious, Charity, that *is* cheap," sez Ant Ruth, takin' off her glasses and a-lookin' at the patterns. "SEVENTEEN-fi-fi-ty-y! Why, Charity,

I shud a thot that $65 was a small figer for all these fixins."

"Can't you put on somethin' more, my good man?" sez I. "The Perkinses is able, and we are willin' to go to thirty or forty."

"Yees, madame, I can put ze Jabot of ve-ree fine lace in ze neck—*un*, *trois*, *dix* plaits."

"All right; what else?" sez I, whirlin' my pocket-book carelessly.

"We can catch up ze skirt and ze flounces with bows——"

"S—sh! man, do you think I'll have *beaux* catchin' up my flounces? Shame! insultin, base man!" I exclaimed, as I felt the skarlet tinge of madenhood play upon my alabaster cheek.

"No, sir, we want no *beaux* catchin' up our flounces," sez Ant Ruth; "we——"

"Pardon, madame; I mean ze bows will hold up ze flounces, ze bows——"

"No, tha won't, insultin' Frenchman! Do you know you address a Perkins?" and Ant Ruth and I turned a witherin' look at the monster and walked, blushin', to the door.

"Nine—nine!' exclaimed a young German woman from Europe, wildly ketchin' hold of our clothes. "You nix fustand putty goot Mister Go-Bare. He no means vot you dinks. You coomes pack again and de shintlemans explains vot you no understand. Coome!"

We re-entered the abode of fashun again.

"What else can you put on to add to the expense

of this dress?" sez I, in a soothing tone. "Seventeen-fifty is too cheap for me. I'm willing to go to twenty-five."

"Oh, *we*, madame, ze round point on ze flounces —he comes very high—zat will make ze dress twenty-two."

"Nothing else? But do stop talkin' about high flounces!" sez aunt Ruth, the color returning to her cheeks again.

"*We*, Madame. You can have ze side plaits, ze kelting, ze gores, ze *grande* court train, ze *petite* gosset on ze elbow, ze bias seam up ze back, and—"

"Heavens, man, have mercy on us! Still more you say?" exclaimed Aunt Ruth.

"*We*, veree much more. You can have ze rar-ee flowers *a la* Nilsson, an' ze *point aguille* vill make ze dress of one grande high price—grande enough for ze *Grande Duchesse.*"

"Wall, how high will the price be then, my good man?" sez Aunt Ruth.

"*Vingt-six*—tweenty-sex, madame. *Ce n'est pas tres cher, madame?*"

"O! no, my good man, twenty-six is cheap enough. It beats New London tradin' to death. Now give us the change," sez Aunt Ruth, handin' him a $50 bill on the New London First National.

"*Mon Dieu, madame!* Zis is not *change* enuff. Zis is nothing. Zis *grande* dress cost ten—fifty times more!"

"Gracious! man, didn't you say twenty-six?" inquired Aunt Ruth.

"Oh, *we—we—we*—madame, but he cost twenty-six *hundred*—$2600!"

* * * * * * * * *

Eli, I've got thru tradin' in New York. Why, our whole crop of hay, corn, and maple sugar wudent bi over two such dresses. Don't talk to me any more about sity fashuns! Litchfield County will do for me, and my old bombazine, with a new *polonaise*, will do for our church for many years to come. It's good enuff.

Yours affeckshunate,

CHARITY PERKINS.

THE LITERARY GIRL.

MISS ADAMS.

THE Boston young lady has arrived in New York. I mean the real literary young lady—the Siege of Troy girl. She grew up in Boston and graduated at Vassar College last year. She wears eye glasses, and is full of wisdom. She scans Homer, rattles the verb "lipo" like the multiplication tables, sings Anacreon to the old Greek melodies, and puts up her hair after the Venus of Milo. There is no end to her knowledge of the classical dictionary, and when it comes to Charles Lamb or Sidney Smith—who never wrote much, but got the credit of every good joke in England—she can say their jokes as a Catholic says his beads. If you ask her how she likes babies, she answers:

"'How?' Well, as Charles Lamb remarked, 'I like 'em b—b—boiled.'"

Ask her anything and she will always lug in a quotation from some pedantic old fool like Dr. Johnson or Swift or Jack Bunsby, just to show you that she is up in literature, and that you are—green. Not a single original idea, but one constant "as Socrates said," or "as Pluto remarked," or "as Diogenes observed."

Yesterday one of our absurd and ignorant New

language:

"Do you love music, Miss Julia?" asked Jack Astor.

"Well, 'yes,' as the poet observed."

"How many times have you been engaged since Christmas?"

"'Six,' as Mr. Daball pathetically remarked in his arithmetic."

"Do you dance the round dances?" continued Mr. Astor.

"'No,'" said Julia, and then she remarked, "as the Lord Mayor of London quietly observed as John Ruskin asked him for the loan of four dollars."

The Boston girl is so well posted that she wins triumphs over you by a sort of literary "bluff" game. She attributes sharp quotations to distinguished men, and, conscious that you dare not question their authenticity, of course she "bluffs" you right down. When you go to your home and read up, and find she has really "bluffed" you, of course you are too genteel to mention it, and so this Boston girl goes on plumming herself at the expense of New York gallantry.

Yesterday the Boston girl was at it again. Somebody asked her who was the oldest, Methuselah or Deuteronomy?

"Why, Barnes, the commentator, says 'Deuteronomy came before Numbers'—and of course he's too old to be computed."

Now, I knew she lied, but still I had a doubt about it. I didn't want to break out and say Deuteronomy came after Numbers, and then have those miserable Boston fellows say, with that terrible upward inflection, "How are you, Eli Perkins?" O! no. But when I got home I sent over to a gentleman on Fifth Avenue, who I understood had a

Bible to lend, and got the Pentateuch—and, sure enough, just my luck, that miserable, pedantic, spectacled Boston girl was right. The fact is, they are always right, and that is what produces so much profanity in New York. Then how they can show off their Biblical knowledge and bug-and-spiderology!

The other night Miss Boston took off her eye-glasses and asked me three square catechism questions which displayed a Biblical knowledge that made my head swim.

"Who is the shortest man mentioned in the Bible, Mr. Perkins?" she commenced.

"The shortest man?" said I. "Why, I know. It was Nehemiah or Mr. What's-his-name, the Shuhite. It was——"

"No, sir, it was Peter," interrupted the Boston girl. "He carried neither gold nor silver in his purse.

"Who was the straightest man?"

"Was it Joseph," I asked, "when he didn't fool with Mrs. Potiphar?"

"No, it was Joseph, afterwards, when they made a ruler of him.

"But, now, tell me, Eli, what man in the Bible felt the worst?"

"Was it Job, Miss Boston?"

"No, sir; it was Jonah. He was down in the mouth for days."

It was this same Boston girl who years ago said Cain never could sit down on a chair," and when they asked her "Why?" she said: "Why, because he wasn't Abel."

Then one of our wicked New York fellows got mad, and asked Miss Adams, "Why is it impossible to stop the Connecticut River?"

"Is it owing to the extreme heat and density of the atmosphere?" asked Miss Adams.

"No, but because—why, b–e–c–a–u–s–e—dam it you can't!

"And speaking of rivers, Miss Adams, do you know why there will never be any chance for the wicked to skate in the next world?"

"Because the water will be too warm and thin?"

"No; but because how in H—H—Harlem can they?"

If you sit down by this Boston girl and don't behave like a minister, she don't get mad and pout. O! no. She says, "Mr. Perkins, shall I repeat you a few lines from Saxe?" and then she goes on—

Why *can't* you be sensible, Eli!
I don't like men's arms on my chair.
Be still! if you don't stop this nonsense,
I'll get up and leave you– so there!

And when you take out a solitaire ring, or try "to seal the vow," or something of that sort, as New York fellows always try to do with almost every Boston girl who comes here, she looks up blushingly and, in the language of Swinburne, poetically remarks.

There! somebody's coming—don't look so—
Get up on your own chair again—
Can't you seem as if nothing had happened?
I ne'er saw such geese as you men!

UNCLE CONSIDER AS A CRUSADER.

HOW HE JOINED THE LADIES.

"I'M JES READY TO CRUISE AROUND WITH PRETTY, GALLUS-LOOKIN' GIRLS."

THIS morning Uncle Consider returned from the temperance crusade in the West.

"What have you been doing, Uncle?" I asked as the old man sat polishing his German silver glasses with his red bandana handkerchief.

"I've been crusadin' with the temp'rance wimmen, Eli—been 'stablishing temp'rance bar-rooms for religious people, and—"

"Where — a — bouts, Uncle?" I interrupted.

"Why, over in Springfield, where Abe Linkum's monument is. Thar these wimmen war a processin around in a great crowd. As they kum by the depo' I asked one of the pretty gals whar the soin' society was. 'Whear you all crusadin' to?' sez I.

"'Crusadin' to!' sez she, 'Why, we ain't a crusadin' anywhere; we are a visitin' saloons—licker-saloons

We are organized to put down whiskey. Won't you jine in, old man?'

"I told 'er I wud. Sez I, 'Young woman, that's me zackly. I'm jes reddy to cruise 'round with pretty, gallus-lookin' gals any time, and, as fur visitin' saloons, I'm jes t'ome thar, too. I've visited a dog-on many saloons in my day, and, when it comes to puttin' down whiskey, young woman,' sez I, I s'pose I kin put down more whiskey, an' hard cider, an' Jamaky rum than——'

" 'No, no, old man, we want you to pray in the saloons—pray for the rumsellers and——'

" 'All right,' sez I, 'that's me agin. I've preyed 'round all the rumsellers and into all the saloons in New York, from Harry Hill's to Jerry Thomas's, for years, and it's jes nothin' but boy's play to prey 'round these little country saloons.'

" 'But who's to furnish the money, young woman?' sez I.

" 'Money, old man? Why, this is a labor of love,' sez she, a col'ring up—'a priceless priv'lege—"without money and without price," an'——'

" 'All right,' sez I. 'I'm jes suited now. Preyin' 'round saloons and puttin' down whiskey "without money and without price" jes suits me. Z-a-c-k-l-y so! Put me down a life-member.'

" 'And you say it's all free and don't cost a cent, young woman?' sez I, hesitatin' like.

" 'No, sir, old man. Virtue is its only reward. Go and crusade, and humanity will thank you for doin' it—posterity will heap benedictions upon you—the

great reformers for centuries to come will rize up and call you blessed and——'

"'Nuf sed, young woman,' sez I, and then I jes handed my perlice to the stage-man and jined in. I preyed 'round 96 runsellers and into 180 saloons—puttin' down whiskey and beer and rum an' merlasses in ev'ry one, till I lost all 'count of myself or anybody else until the station-house keeper told me about it the next mornin'.

"An' now, Eli," said Uncle Consider, looking over his glasses very mournfully, "if them thar crusadin' wimmen kum 'round you to get you to help them prey 'round saloons and 'stablish temp'rance bar-rooms, you jes don't go. Now, you mind me. Don't you go 'round singin'

"'On Jordan's stormy bank I stand,'

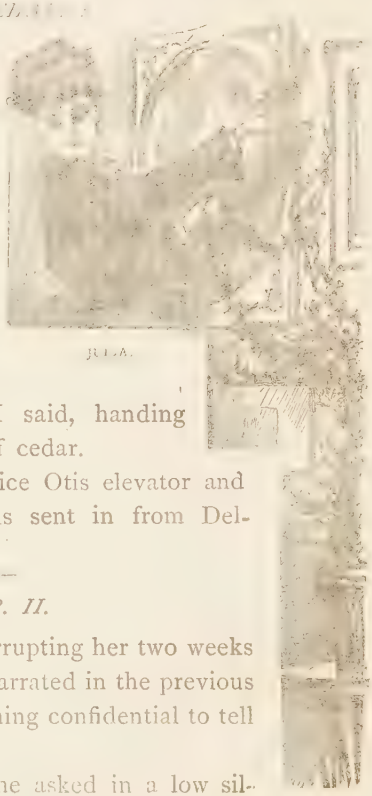
but you jes stay at home and sing 'I want to be an *angel*,' with Ginral Butler an' Zack Chanler an' me."

ELI IN LOVE.

A TAIL OF LOVE, FLIRTING AND DESPAIR.

(*In Four Chapters.*)

CHAP. I.



"ELI!"

"Yes, Julia," I said as I helped my sweetheart dress the room for her Christmas party.

"Well, Eli, I was going to say that I could live in a garret with the man I loved if ——"

"If what, Julia?" I said, handing her up another sprig of cedar.

"Why, if it had a nice Otis elevator and I could have my meals sent in from Delmonico's and ——

CHAP. II.

"Julia!" I said, interrupting her two weeks after the conversation narrated in the previous chapter, "I have something confidential to tell you."

"What is it, Eli?" she asked in a low sil-

very voice—a kind of German-silvery voice—throwing her beautiful eyes upon me.

"Well, Julia," I sighed, "I think—I think, dearest, that I love you. Now do you love me? Do you?"

"Yes, Eli, I do love you—you know I do," and then she got down off the chair and flung her alabaster arms around my neck.

"I'm very glad, Julia," I said, "for I l-i-k-e to be loved."

"Well, Eli!"

But I never said another word.

CHAP. III.

Time passed on.

Six weeks afterwards my beloved grasped my hand convulsively, looked in my face and said:

"Eli, such devoted, warm-hearted men as you often make me feel very happy."

"How, darling?" I asked, too happy to live.

"Why, by keeping away from me, Eli!"

CHAP. IV.

"Why, O why is this, my beloved?" I sobbed, one bright spring morning five years afterwards.

"Because, my darling,—father and mother told me that when you called they wanted me to propose——"

"O Julia, darling, I am thine. Take, O take, your Eli! Never mind father—never——"

"But no, Eli, they wanted to see you and propose—p-r-o-p-o-s-e that you don't come here any more!"

Base flirt—I left her—O I left her!!

FINIS.

BROWN'S BOYS.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRIBE IN GENERAL.

A BROWN'S BOY.

THE Brown's Boy is peculiar to New York, though every large city is infested with Brown's Boys in a greater or less degree. They were named after Sexton Brown of Grace Church. They are his boys. He keeps them—this *dilettante* Grace Church sexton does—to run swell parties with. He furnishes them with invitations to weddings and parties and receptions. In fact, Brown contracts to furnish Brown's Boys to dance and flirt, and amuse young ladies at parties, just as he contracts to furnish flowers and ushers and pall-bearers at a funeral. How can Mrs. Witherington's party go off well without a Brown's Boy to lead the German? They don't have anything in particular to do, Brown's Boys don't, and it takes them all the time to do it. They don't have much money, but they make believe they have immense incomes. They are looking out for rich wives. They live in cheap rooms, on side-streets, and swell in Fifth Avenue parlors. Ask them what they do for a living, and they will say,—.

"O, aw—I opewate a little in stawks now and then on Wall street, yeu know."

If you go down to Wall street you will never see or hear of them.

In New York they live on the Egyptian plan—that is, they rent a hall bedroom and eat when they are invited; but in Saratoga they swell around in amber kids and white neckties, and spend their time in dancing the German and in noble endeavors to win the affections of some rich young lady. Their whole theory of a noble life is to marry a rich girl and board with her mother—and not be bored *by* her mother.

These Brown's Boys are always very religious—from 12 to 1 on Sundays. At that hour you will see them always religiously—*returning from church.* You will always see them just coming from or going to church; but I have consulted the "oldest inhabitant," who says that up to this time, they have never been visible to the naked eye while engaged in an active state of worship.

Brown's Boys are good managers. They all have nice dress suits, and wear immaculate kids. They dance all the round dances, and, at supper, "corner" enough champagne behind ladies' dresses to last all the evening—even after the champagne is all out, and other people are reduced to lemonade and punch. They never take any one to a party. They come late and alone, but they go for the prettiest girl immediately on their arrival, and run her regular escort out. They don't call that "cheek"—they call it society diplomacy.

The theater and opera are the favorite resort of Brown's Boys. They go alone, in swell Ulster overcoats, crush Dunlop hats, and elaborate opera glasses. Here they stand around the doors and aisles, and during the acts visit rich young ladies in their twenty-six-dollar boxes.

CHAPTER II.

BROWN'S BOYS AT PARTIES.

Brown's Boys are the dancing men at fashionable parties. They do not talk—they have no ideas—but they do dance the German divinely.

They generally accompany some member of the hereditary train of uncertain-aged dancing young ladies, who attend five parties a week, from December to Lent.

These dancing girls are generally prettily and often richly dressed, and are the daughters of rich parents, while the dancing fellows are generally poor. They are *pensioners* on the young ladies, for, when the young ladies forget to send a carriage for them, they invariably excuse themselves on the ground of a previous engagement, or smuggle themselves in *alone*. Still, they are good-looking, generally contrive to wear nice-fitting dress suits, faultless kids, and crush hats. They depend upon "the governor," generally, for cigars. They look upon the party as a place to flatter the girls, get a free lunch, smoke good cigars, and "*corner*" champagne.

A Brown's Boy's strong point, as with Achilles, lies in his heels. Though, without any apparent brain, they

chatter cleverly and seem exceedingly smart in commonplaces. They know, from force of habit, just what to say, and just what to do. If they step on a lady's dress, they say instantly,

"Beg pardon, Miss Smith. I thought *the train had passed!*"

"Ha! ha! Charley, you must learn to wait for the train," Miss Smith remarks as Charley peeps over the banisters to smell the incipient breath of—supper.

BROWN'S BOYS AT SUPPER.

THE dancing men—the professional champagne "cornerers"—are never late to supper. Here their discriminating genius makes a prodigious display.

They never go for *cheap* refreshments, but have a weakness for fried oysters, salads, and expensive woodcock. They take to expensive game wonderfully, and they manage to have it while the non-professional party-goer is picking away at plain sandwiches, cold tongue, mottoes, and cream. A knowledge of Greek and Latin don't help a man in the grand raffle for woodcock at a New York party, for Brown's Boys are sure to win by tact and society diplomacy.

CORNERING CHAMPAGNE.

WHEN the wine comes on, then the professional man of heels is in his element. He turns a sweet patronizing smile upon the caterer, and says,

"John, no cider champagne for us, yeu kneuw."

John smiles and hands him the first bottle of fine old Roederer. This he generally drinks with the fellows, while the ladies are eating in the corner.

Now he approaches the caterer and says with a patronizing wink:

"John, some more of our kind, yeu kneuw," and John hands out two bottles more—one to be drunk with the ladies, and the other Charley "corners" with a laugh, behind their dresses. The girls think this is very funny, and they laugh at Charley's *coup* in high glee.

This is a nice provision on the part of the champagne "cornerer," for soon "the governor's" best champagne gives out. Then while the unprofessionals, having exhausted everything from cider champagne, through sparkling Catawba, to Set Sherry, are all sipping away at rum punch, Charley is reveling in Widow Clicquot's best. All the girls are laughing, too, and Charley is voted "a deuced smart fellow."

Now he is up to the prettiest tricks, even to taking a young lady's hand, or even her mother's. They all say, "It's all right—Charley has been 'cornering' a little too much champagne—that's all. Ha! ha!"

EXPENSIVE CHARLEY.

LET's see what Charley has cost Nellie Smith's governor to-night.

Carriage (which Nellie Smith sent)	$5 00
Two woodcock (totally eaten up)	1 50
Salad and oysters (destroyed)	1 00
Cigars (smoked and pocketed)	1 00
Champagne	12 00
Total for Charley	$20 50
CR. By face and heels lent to Nellie for occasion	$20 50
Balance	000 00

A KIND old father-in-law on Madison avenue, who is supporting four or five of Brown's Boys as sons-in-law, went down to see Barnum's Feejee Cannibals.

"Why are they called Cannibals?" he asked of Mr. Barnum.

"Because they live off of other people," replied the great showman.

"O, I see," replied the unhappy father-in-law. "Alas! my four Brown's Boys sons-in-law are Cannibals, too—they live off of me!"

A BROWN'S BOY IN LOVE.

CHARLEY MUNSON.

I KNOW a Brown's Boy—Charley Munson — whose pet theory has always been to marry a rich orphan girl with a hard cough—with the consumption.

One day he came into my room almost heartbroken.

"My pet theory is exploded," he said. "I am discouraged. I want to die." Then the tears rolled down his cheek.

"What is it, Charley? O, what has happened?" I asked.

"Ohoooo, Eli!" he sobbed, and then he broke down.

"But what is it, Charley? Confide in me," I said, my heart almost breaking in sympathy at his bereavement.

"Well, my friend, my dear friend, I will tell you all about it."

Then he leaned forward, took my hand tremblingly in his, and told me his sad, sad story.

"The other day, Eli," he said, "I met a very rich young lady—the rich Miss Astor from Fifth avenue. She was very wealthy—wore laces and diamonds—but, alas! she didn't have any cough to go with them. She had piles of money, but no sign of a cough—no quick consumption—just my luck!"

Then he buried his face in his hands. He wept long and loud.

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"What else, Charley?" I asked, after he had returned to consciousness.

"Well, yesterday, Eli, I met a beautiful young lady from Chicago. She was frail and delicate—had just the cough I wanted—a low, hacking, musical cough. It was just sweet music to listen to that cough. I took her jeweled hand in mine and asked her to be my bride; but alas! in a fatal moment I learned that she hadn't any money to go with her cough, and I had to give her up. I lost her. O, I lost her!"

And then the hot scalding tears trickled through his fingers and rolled down on his patent leather boots.

BROWN'S BOYS IN NEW YORK.

THE TIRING-OUT DODGE.

They don't have any money themselves, Brown's Boys don't, and consequently they are looking for rich wives. They are handsome fellows, and always manage to keep all the pretty girls "on a string," but they never propose. They never come right out like us honest fellows, and ask a young lady plump to marry them. They are dog-in-the-manger lovers.

Of late, when I call on Julia, I am always sure to find a Brown's Boy at the house. He sits in dangerous proximity to the girl I love, talks very sweetly, and, I think, tries to run me out.

Of course, when you make an evening call on a young lady, the first visitor is entitled to the floor, and after saying a few pretty things, you are expected to place caller number one under everlasting obligations to you by putting on your overcoat and leaving. Now, Brown's Boy, unlike Mr. Lamb, always comes early and goes late, and I've put him under obligations to me so many times that I'm getting sick of it. He can never live long enough to pay this debt of gratitude. Oh, how I hate that Brown's Boy!

Last night I had my sweet revenge.

I had been telling my sad tale of sorrow and disappointment to Sallie Smith. I told her I "meant busi-

ness" all the time with Julia, and that I knew Brown's Boy was flirting.

"Now, Miss Sallie, confidentially, what shall I do?" I asked.

"Well, cousin Eli, I'll tell you just what to do," said Sallie, her eyes sparkling with interest.

"What, Sallie?"

"Why, the next time you call on Julia you must come the 'tiring-out dodge,'" she replied, looking me earnestly in the face, and quietly picking a tea-rose out of my Prince Albert lappel.

"What dodge is that, Sallie?"

"It's just like this, Eli. You must call on Julia as usual——"

"Yes."

"And if a Brown's Boy is there, you musn't be the least bit jealous——"

"No."

"And you must talk just as entertaining as you can——"

"Yes."

"And you musn't look at your watch nor feel uneasy, but quietly remove your amber kids, then lay your London overcoat on the sofa, and sit down as if you had called by special invitation to spend the entire evening;" and then Sallie's great liquid eyes looked down on her fan.

"Well, what then?" I asked, deeply interested.

"Why, a Brown's Boy is a spoony fellow, you know. His strength lies in cornering a girl, and coming the sentimental dodge. He won't be able to stand such a

siege as this, and I'll bet a dozen 'six buttons' that he'll get up and leave the field to you."

"All right, my dear Sallie; I'll try it."

Then I took her dainty little hand, and pondered on her stupendous strategy which was to demoralize this Brown's Boy, and perhaps capture the loveliest blonde girl on Madison avenue.

* * * * * * * * *

Last night I mounted the brown-stone steps which led to Julia's palatial residence, with a heart big with resolution. I resolved to see Julia and talk with her alone, at all hazards. At the touch of the bell, the big walnut and bronze door swung back. In a second I saw that miserable silver-tongued Charley Brown—that flirting Brown's Boy—on the sofa with Julia.

As I entered, Charley started, and Julia's diamond rings flashed a straight streak of light from Charley Brown's hands. Oh dear! those flirting Brown's Boys!

"Ah, Julia, I'm delighted to have an opportunity of spending an evening with you," I commenced, as I slipped off my gloves.

"Our happiness is mutual, I assure you, Mr. Perkins," replied Miss Julia. "Won't you remove your overcoat?"

"Thank you, Miss Julia; it would be unpleasant to sit a whole evening with one's overcoat on, and——"

"Then you are liable to take cold when you go out," suggested Julia, interrupting me.

"Especially when one expects to sit and talk for several hours," I continued; "and when I have so

much to say as I have to-night, I don't know when I shall get through."

Charley Brown began to be a little uneasy now, and looking at his watch, ventured to ask:

"Is Nilsson to sing *Mignon* to-night, Mr. Perkins?"

Of course I didn't hear Charley, but kept blazing right straight away at Julia about ritualism and parties and Lent, and all such society trash.

"Oh, Miss Julia, did you hear about Jay Gould getting shot?" I asked, remembering how cousin Sallie said I must entertain her, and talk Charley Brown out of his boots.

"Jay Gould got shot! How? Where?" exclaimed Julia.

"Why, in a Seventh avenue hardware store. I mean he got pigeon shot for the Jerome Park pigeon match."

"Oh, Mr. Perkins! Ha! ha! how could you?"

Then Charley looked at his watch.

"By the way, Miss Julia, do you know which is the strongest day in the week?" I asked modestly, taking her beautiful gold fan.

"No. Which is the strongest day, Mr. Perkins?"

"Why, Sunday, Julia; don't you know all the other days are *weak* days!"

"Oh, Mr. Perkins! Ha! ha! you'll kill us," exclaimed Julia (while Charley looked at his watch). Then he remarked that "Samson's weakest day was the day he let Delilah cut off his hair:" but nobody heard him.

CHARLEY BROWN.

Charley now began to be uneasy. He whirled in his chair, then looked at his watch again, and, standing up, remarked that he had some letters to write, and that duty called him home early.

"Don't be in a hurry, Mr. Brown," said Julia, still talking with me.

"Good bye, Mr. Brown, good bye!" I said, grasping his hand. "Next time, I hope, I sha'n't have so much to say to Miss Julia."

As Charley passed into the hall I asked Julia which were worth the most — young gentlemen or young ladies?

"Why, young ladies, of course—don't you always call us dear creatures?"

"Yes, but, my dear Julia"—I talked fondly now, for Charley was gone—"you know, my dear, that at the last end you are given away, while the gentleman is often sold!"

"Oh, Eli, you are very wicked to make such a remark, when you know every young lady who marries one of Brown's Boys is *sold* in the worst way. I don't think Brown's Boys are ever *sold*. They are *soulless* fellows. But then they are so nice, they dance divinely, and they are so spoony—when a girl happens to have a rich father. They do dance the German so nicely; and then they bow so nice on the avenue on Sunday, and come and see us *in our papa's boxes* at the opera, and —"

"And run out us solid fellows who mean business, who don't know how to flirt, and who really love you," I interrupted.

"What! you mean business, Mr. Perkins?" and Julia gave me a searching look.

"Yes, my dear Julia;" and then I took her hand convulsively. Neither of us said a word; but, oh! how you could have heard the heart-beating!

Julia never took it away at all, and now I'm a happy man—all because cousin Sallie Smith told me how to do it!

RICH BROWN'S BOYS.

RICH BROWN'S BOY.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,
August 1.

THE rich Brown's Boys! Not the poor Brown's Boys who live on side streets, and buy $1 tickets, and swell in amber kids in rich young ladies' $20 boxes at the opera — smart fellows, who really can't do any better, but the good-for-nothing rich Brown's Boys. Who are they?

Why, the city is full of them. They have rich fathers; they drive their father's horses; their fathers are stockholders in the Academy, and the boys occupy the seats. Their mission is to spend their father's money and live like barnacles on his reputation. They don't know how to do anything useful, and they don't have anything useful to do. They come into the world to be supported. They are social and financial parasites. A poor Brown's Boy does the best he can, but these fellows do the worst they can.

Rich girls "go for" them on account of their rich fathers. They marry them, have a swell wedding, and then spend a lifetime mourning that they did not marry a brave, strong, working fellow, who would have felt rich in their affections, and who, with a little help from father-in-law, would have hewn his way to wealth and position.

RULES FOR MAKING RICH BROWN'S BOYS.

Below I give the ten cardinal rules which, if followed, will make a rich Brown's Boy out of any brainless son of a rich father. Any young New Jersey Stockton, Kentucky Ward, or Massachusetts Lawrence—yes, any Darnphool Republican Prince of Wales can carry out these simple rules, and thus attain to the glorious position of a rich Brown's Boy. If carried out, they will produce the same result nine times out of ten. I have seen them tried a thousand times:

RULES.

First.—If your father is rich or holds a high position socially—and you are a good-looking, dissipated, darnphool of a swell, without sense or character enough to make a living, pay your addresses to some rich girl—and marry her if you can.

Second.—Go home and live with *her* father, and magnanimously spend *her* money. Keep up your flirtations around town just the same. Gamble a little, and always dine at the Clubs.

Third.—After your wife has nursed you through a spell of sickness, and she looks languid and worn with

anxiety, tell her, like a high-toned gentleman, that she has grown plain-looking—then scold her a little and make love to her maid!

Fourth.—If your weary wife objects, I'd insult her—tell her you won't be tyrannized over. Then come home drunk once or twice a week, and empty the coal-scuttle into the piano and pour the kerosene lamps over her Saratoga trunks and into the baby's cradle. When she cries, I'd twit her about the high (hic) social position of my own (hic) family.

Fifth.—If, weary and sick and heartbroken, she finally asks for a separation, I'd blacken her character—deny the paternity of my own children—get a divorce myself. Then by wise American law you can keep all her money, and, while she goes back in sorrow to her father, you can magnanimously peddle out to her a small dowry from her own estate.

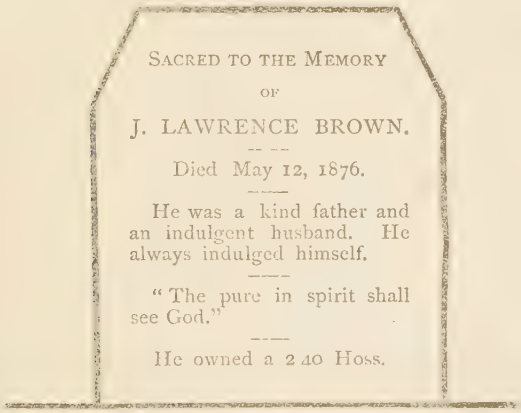
Sixth.—If she asks you—audaciously asks you—for any of her own money, tell her to go to the Dev—Devil (the very one she has come to).

Seventh.—Now I 'd keep a mistress and a poodle dog, and ride up to the Park with them in a gilded landaulet every afternoon. While this miserable, misguided woman will be trodden in the dust by society you can attain to the heights of modern chivalry by leading at charity balls in public, and breeding bull-pups and coach-dogs at home.

Eighth.—After you have used up your wife's last money in dissipation, and brought your father's gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave, I'd get the *delirium tremens* and shoot myself. This will create a sensation

in the newspapers and cause every other rich Brown's Boy to call you high-toned and chivalrous.

Ninth.—Then that poor angel wife, crushed in spirit, tried in the crucible of adversity, and purified by the beautiful "Do-unto-others" of the Christ-child, will go into mourning, and build with her last money a monument to the memory of the man who crushed her bleeding heart.


SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
J. LAWRENCE BROWN.
Died May 12, 1876.
He was a kind father and an indulgent husband. He always indulged himself.
"The pure in spirit shall see God."
He owned a 2.40 Hoss.

BROWN'S GIRLS.

DIARY OF TWO DAYS IN HER LIFE.

Brown's Girls!

Yes, we have Brown's Girls, too.

They are a set of husband-hunting young ladies—smart, accomplished, and pretty, but with no hearts. They only marry for money. They are thus taught by their mothers, and failing to catch fortunes, many of them become *blase* old maids.

Below I give the diary of two days in the life of a New York young lady. At nineteen she is honest, loveable, and innocent. Seven years after she becomes a *blase*, Brown's Girl.

HER DIARY—1875.

"NINETEEN TO-DAY!"

May 1, 1875.—Nineteen to-day—and I'm too happy to live! How lovely the Park looked this morning. How gracefully the swans swam on the lake, and how the yellow dandelions lifted up their yellow faces—all smiles!

Albert—dear Albert—passed mamma and me, and bowed so gracefully! Mamma frowned at him. O, dear! I am not quite happy.

Last night my first ball, and Albert was there.

Four times he came, and I let him put his name on my card—then mamma frowned savagely. She said I ought to be ashamed to waste my time with a poor fellow like Albert Sinclair. Then she brought up old Thompson, that horrid rich old widower, and I had to scratch Albert's name off. When Albert saw me dancing with Thompson the color came to his cheeks, and he only just touched the ends of my fingers in the grand chain.

O, dear, one of Albert's little fingers is worth more than old Thompson's right arm. How stupidly old Thompson talked, but mamma smiled all the time.

Once she tipped me on the shoulder, and said in a low, harsh voice, "Be agreeable, Lizzie, for Mr. Thompson is a great catch." Then Thompson, the stupid old fool, tried to talk like the young fellows. He told me I looked "stunning," said the ball was a "swell" affair, and then asked me to ride up to the Park in his four-horse drag. Bah! Mother says I must go, but, O, dear, I'd rather walk two blocks with Albert than ride ten miles in a chariot with the old dyed whiskers.

After supper such an event took place. Albert joined me, and after a lovely waltz we wandered into the conservatory and had a nice confidential chat together. It is wonderful how we both like the same things. He admires the beautiful moon—so do I. I love the stars, and so does he! We both like to look out of the open window, and we both like to be near each other—that is, I know I do. Albert does on

Longfellow, and, O, don't I! I like Poe, and so does Albert, and the little tears fairly started (but Albert didn't see them) when he repeated softly in my ear:

> "For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams,
> Of my beautiful Annabel Lee;
> And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
> Of my beautiful Annabel Lee,"

—and a good deal more besides, about love and the sounding sea. Then Fannie Carter, who is in my class at Mrs. Hoffman's, came by with Will Mason, and sat right down in the next window. I do believe she loves him!

What a nice, *sensible* talk Albert and I had! First, we began talking about the soul—how destiny sometimes bound two souls together by an invisible chain. Then we considered the mission of man and woman upon the earth—how they ought to comfort and support each other in sickness and in health. And then Albert quite startled me by asking me if I had ever cared for any one. And when I said "Yes, papa and mamma," he laughed, and said he did not mean them, and then I felt quite hurt, and the tears would come into my eyes, for I do love mamma, even if she does make me dance with that horrid old Thompson, with his dyed whiskers.

Then Albert leaned his face towards mine. I felt his mustache almost touch me as he whispered such nice words in my ear. He told me how he had longed for an opportunity to speak to me alone, how—and then I was so happy, for I knew he was going to say

something very nice indeed—when ma, with that dreadful old widower, came along and interrupted us.

"Come, Lizzie, you go with Mr. Thompson, for I want to present Mr. Sinclair to Miss Brown," and then ma—O, dear! she took Albert and presented him to the girl that I hate worst of anybody in school. I didn't see Albert again, for when he came around, ma said, "Lizzie, it looks horrible to be seen dancing with Albert Sinclair all the evening. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

O, dear, I look like a fright—I know I do, but I do hope I shall look better when I see Albert on the avenue to-morrow. Let's see—I wonder if he won't write to me? But I'll see him when he walks up from business to-night—maybe.

HER DIARY, 1882.

THE BLASÉ GIRL.

May 1, 1882.—Out again last night. What a horrible bore parties are! I hate society. New York women are so prudish, with their atrocious high-neck dresses, and the fellows are so wretchedly slow. O, dear! Everything goes wrong. If I hadn't met Bob Munroe, who took us to the *Mabille* and the Alhambra, on the other side last summer, I'd 'a' died. Bob's *double entendre* rather startled the poky New York girls, though. Gracious, they ought to hear the French *beaux* talk! They do make such a fuss about our Paris *décolleté* dresses.

Why, Bessie Brown wore a dress at a Queen's Drawing Room with hardly any body on at all—and she had that same dress on last night. Of course, I could not stand any chance with her, for *decollete* dresses do take the fellows so. But I'll be on hand next time.

Young Sinclair, with whom I used to "spoon" years ago, was there—and married to Fannie Carter, my old classmate. Pshaw! she is a poky, old, highnecked, married woman now, and Sinclair —well, they say that he was almost broken-hearted at my conduct—that he drank, and then reformed and joined the church and is now a leading clergyman. Well, I'm glad Sinclair became a preacher I always knew black would become his complexion. What if I should go and hear him preach, flirt with him a little, and get his poky old wife jealous! Goodness! but don't he look serious, though! There's a glass—gracious! I'm as pale as a ghost! There's no use of my trying to dress without *rouge*. I do wish they would learn how to put on pearl white here—

REV. ALBERT SINCLAIR.

way, every wrinkle shows through. Then I do wish New York fellows would learn how to dance!—that atrocious galop upset my pads, and I had to leave in the middle of the dance to arrange things. Old Thompson is dead, died single—but his brother, the rich whiskey man, was there, and gracious! it was fun to dance with him after he had taken in his head two bottles of champagne. He turned every

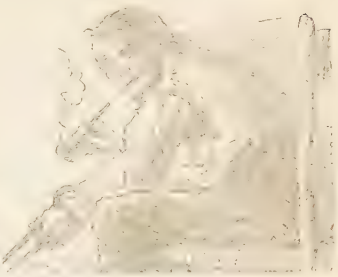
thing—the lanciers, polka, and all—into the Virginia *reel*. That's Bob Monroe's pun. But after we got through dancing, didn't I have a flirtation with Old Thompson No. 2 while Albert Sinclair was helping mother to some refreshments! Dear old thing, she don't bother me in my conservatory flirtation any more. Well, Old Thompson No. 2 got quite affectionate—wanted to kiss my hand, and when I let him he wanted to kiss *me!* The old wretch—when he's got a wife and three daughters. But I had my fun—I made him propose conditionally—that is, if Mrs. Thompson dies; and I tell ma then I'm going to be one of our gay and dashing young wives with an old fool of a husband—and plenty of lovers. O, dear! I'm tired and sleepy, and I do believe my head aches awfully, and it's that abominable champagne. What goosies Fannie Carter and Albert Sinclair have made of themselves! What fun can she have with the men! O, dear!

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

"ELI!"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you list'ning?" continued my Uncle Consider, as he took his pipe out of his mouth, laid down his glasses, and poked the fire with the tongs.



"LET ME TELL YOU SUTHIN', ELI."

"With both ears, Uncle."

"Well, let me tell you suthin'. If you want to be wize, Eli, you must allers listen. If you want to be wize you must let other people do all the talkin'—then you'll soon know all they know, Eli, and have your own nolledge besides. D'you see?"

"Yes, Uncle."

CAREFUL ELI.

"And never you blow a man's brains out to get his money, Eli, but just sly around and blow his money out and get his brains—

"And be temp'rate and economical, Eli, and——"

"Yes, Uncle, I always try to be careful. I always owe enough to pay all my debts, and I'd rather owe a man forever than cheat him

out of it. I'd pay every debt I owe if I had to go out and borrow money to do it; I would. The fact is, Uncle," I said, getting excited, "I always advise the boys to be steady and saving. I advise 'em to stick, stick to their places and be temperate, no matter how hard they have to work, and it'll make men of 'em. But the rascals——"

"What, Eli?"

"Why, they all pay more 'tention to my example than they do to my precepts, and they're all turnin' out loafers."

"That's dreffful sad, Eli," said my Uncle, wiping his eyes sorrowfully, "when I've allers talkt to you so much about the dignity of labor—when I've allers taught you to obey the scriptural injunction to live by the sweat of your brow."

"But I always do that; don't I, Uncle?"

"Yes; but how can you live by the sweat of your brow, Eli, when you spend all your time trav'lin' 'round and lecturin' and foolin' about? How can you?"

"Why, Uncle, that's just what I travel for. I go down South winters, where it is hot, so I can live by the sweat of my brow without working so hard."

"And about this drinkin' business, Eli—this drinkin' wine and cider and beer? Don't you know the Bible is agin it? Don't you?"

"Yes, Uncle, I know it; but haven't you read the parable in the Bible about turnin' water into wine?"

"Yes, my nevvy."

"Well, that's all I do, Uncle; I just turn water into

my wine, and I don't turn much water in either, and——"

"What's that, Eli! Do you mean to say that you ever drink at all? Do you——"

"No, Uncle, never. The tempter came to me the other day. But when they pressed me to take whiskey I took umbrage——"

"Took umbrage, did you! O, my nevvy, that must be an awful drink! Umbrage? O, did I think it would ever come to this?—u-m-b-r-a-g-e," and Uncle Consider wiped his eyes with his red bandana.

"But, Uncle," I said, trying to cheer the old man up, "I'm opposed to whiskey. I do not drink with impunity. I——"

"Don't drink with Impunity, Eli! Well, I thought you allers drank with everybody who invited you. Mebby Impunity didn't invite you, Eli? Well, well, well, well, I *am* glad to find one man that you refused to drink with, I am." And Uncle Consider knocked the ashes out of his pipe and fell asleep in his chair, repeating, "Didn't drink with Impunity."

THE FUNNY SIDE OF FISK

A QUEER MAN.

YES, Colonel Fisk was a funny man, and a man always full of humor could not have been very bad man at heart.

Once I had occasion to spend an hour with the Colonel in his palatial Erie office, and a record of that hour I then wrote out. Fisk was being shaved as I entered, and his face was half-covered with foaming lather. Just then some one came in and told him that the gentlemen in the office had made up a purse of $31 to be presented to little Peter, Fisk's favorite little office boy.

"All right," said the Colonel, smiling and wiping the lather from his face. "Call in Peter."

PETER.

In a moment little Peter entered with a shy look and seemingly half frightened.

"Well, Peter," said the Colonel, as he held the envelope with the money in one hand and the towel in the other, "what did you mean, sir, by absenting yourself from the Erie Office, the other day, when both Mr. Gould and I were away, and had left the whole mass of business on your shoulders?"

Then he frowned fearfully, while Peter trembled from head to foot.

"But, my boy," continued Fisk, "I will not blame you; there may be extenuating circumstances. Evil associates may have tempted you away. Here, Peter, take this" (handing him the $34), and henceforth let your life be one of rectitude—quiet rectitude, Peter. Behold me, Peter, and remember that evil communications are not always the best policy, but that honesty is worth two in the bush."

As Peter went back to his place beside the outside door everybody laughed, and Fisk sat down again to have the other side of his face shaved.

DREW.

Pretty quick in came a little dried-up old gentleman, with keen gray eyes surmounted by an overpowering Panama hat. The Erie Railway office was then the old gentleman's almost daily *rendezvous*. Here he would sit for hours at a time, and peer out from under his broadbrim at the wonderful movements of Colonel Fisk. Cautious, because he could move but slowly, this venerable gentleman, who has made Wall Street tremble, hitched up to the gold indicator, all the time keeping one eye on the quotations and the other on the Colonel. As a feeler, he ventured to ask:

"How is Lake Shore this morning, Colonel?"

"Peter," said Fisk, with awful gravity, "communicate with the Great American Speculator and show him how they are dealing on the street!"

The old man chuckled, Gould hid a smile while

smoothing his jetty whiskers, and little Peter took hold of the running wire with Daniel Drew. It was the beginning and the ending—youth and experience—simplicity and shrewdness—Peter and Daniel!

Little Peter was about ten years old, and small at that. Frequently large men would come into the Erie office and "bore" the Colonel. Then he would say:

"Here, Peter, take this man into custody, and hold him under arrest until we send for him!"

"You seem very busy to-day?" I remarked, handing the Colonel a cigar.

"Yes, Eli," said Fisk, smiling. "I'm trying to find out from all these papers where Gould gets money enough to pay his income tax. He never has any money—*fact, sir!* He even wanted to borrow of me to pay his income tax last summer, and I *lent him* four hundred dollars, and that's gone, too! This income business will be the ruination of Gould." Here the venerable Daniel Drew concealed a laugh, and Gould turned clear around, so that Fisk could only see the back of his head, while his eyes twinkled in enjoyment of the Colonel's fun.

"What will be the end of putting down the railroad fares, Colonel?" I asked, referring to the jealous opposition in fares then existing between the Erie and New York Central.

"End! why we haven't begun yet. We intend to carry passengers through to Chicago, before we get through, two for a cent and feed them on the way; and when old Van does the same the public will go on his road just to spite him!"

"Of course, the Erie is the best road," continued Fisk, in his Munchausen way. "It runs faster and smoother. When Judge Porter went up with me in the Directors' car, last winter, we passed 200 canal boats, about a *mile apart*, on the Delaware and Hudson canal. The train went so fast that the Judge came back and reported that he saw *one* gigantic canal boat *ten miles long!* Fact, sir! We went so fast the Judge couldn't see the gaps!"

"Are the other railroads going to help you in this fight?" I asked.

"Why, yes, they say they will; but they are all afraid to do anything till we get Vanderbilt tied fast. Do you want me to tell you who these other half-scared railroad fellows, Garrett and Tom Scott, remind me of?" asked the Colonel, leaning himself forward, with his elbows on his knees.

"Yes; who, Colonel?"

"Well, Scott and Garrett remind me of the old Texas ranchman, whose neighbors had caught a noted cattle-thief. After catching him, they tied him to a tree, hands and feet, and each one gave him a terrible cowhiding. When tired of walloping him, they left the poor thief tied to the tree, head and foot. He remained tied up there a good while in great agony, till by and by he saw with delight a strange man coming along.

"'Who are you? said the kindly-looking stranger.

"I'm Bill Smith, and I've been whipped almost to death," said the man in a pitiful tone.

"'Ah, Bill Smith, how *could* they whip you—a poor lone man?' asked the sympathizing stranger.

"'Why, don't you see? *I'm tied.*'

"'What, did they tie you up?'

"'Yes, tied me tight. Don't you see the strings now?'

"'Poor man! How could they be so cruel?' sighed the stranger.

"'But I'm tied now,' groaned the man.

"'What! tied now—tied so you can't move this very moment, Bill?' asked the stranger, eagerly examining the ropes.

"'Yes, tied tight, hands and feet, and I can't move a muscle,' said the thief, pitifully.

"'Well, William, as you are tied tight, *I don't mind if I give you a few licks myself* for that horse you stole from me,' said the stranger, cutting a tremendous whip from a bunch of thorn bushes.' Then," said Fisk, "he flogged him awhile, just as all these small railroad fellows would like to flog Vanderbilt if he was well tied."

But, alas, they never get Vanderbilt tied.

FISK AND MONTALAND.

When Montaland got on from Paris, last year, Fisk had just said farewell to "Josie," and so he took extra pains to make a good impression on his beautiful prima donna.

On the first sunshiny afternoon after Montaland had seen the Wonderful Opera House, Fisk took her out to the Park behind his magnificent six-in-hand.

Passing up Fifth avenue, Montaland's eyes rested on A. T. Stewart's marble house.

"Vat ees zat?" she asked, in broken French.

"Why, that is my city residence," said Fisk, with an air of profound composure.

"*C'est magnifique—c'est grande!*" repeated Montaland, in admiration.

Soon they came to Central Park.

"Vat ees zees place?" asked Montaland.

"O, this is my country seat; these are my grounds—my cattle and buffaloes, and those sheep over there compose my pet sheepfold," said Fisk, twirling the end of his mustache *à la* Napoleon.

"*C'est tres magnifique!*" exclaimed Montaland in bewilderment. "Mr. Feesk is one grand Américain!"

By-and-by they rode back and down Broadway by the Domestic Sewing Machine building.

"And is zees your grand *maison*, too?" asked Montaland, as she pointed up to the iron palace.

"No, Miss Montaland; to be frank with you, that building does not belong to me," said Fisk, as he settled back with his hand in his bosom—"*that belongs to Mr. Gould!*"

FISK DEAD.

One day I called at the Erie office. Col. Fisk's old chair was vacant, and his desk was draped in mourning. Fisk's remains lay cold and stiff, just as he fell at the Grand Central, pierced by the fatal bullet from Stokes's pistol. His old associates were silent, or gathered in groups to tell over reminiscences of the

dead Colonel, whose memory was beloved and revered by his companions.

Mr. Gould never tired in telling about Fisk's good qualities. Even while he was telling the quaintest anecdotes about his dead partner, his eyes would glisten with tears.

"One day," said Mr. Gould, "Fisk came to me and told me confidentially about his first mistake in life."

"What was it?" I asked.

"Well," said Gould, as he laughed and wiped his eyes alternately, "Fisk said that when he was an innocent little boy, living on his father's farm up at Brattleboro, Vermont, his father took him into the stable one day, where a row of cows stood in their uncleaned stalls.

"Said he, 'James, the stable window is pretty high for a boy, but do you think you could take this shovel and clean out the stable?'

"'I don't know, Pop,' says I; 'I never have done it.'

"'Well, my boy, if you will do it this morning, I'll give you this bright silver dollar,' said my father, patting me on my head, while he held the silver dollar before my eyes.

"'Good,' says I; 'I'll try,' and then I went to work. I tugged and pulled and lifted and puffed, and finally it was done, and father gave me the bright silver dollar, saying:

"'That's right, James; you did it splendidly, and now I find you can do it so nicely, I shall have you do it *every morning all winter*.'"

CHARITY.

One day a poor, plain, blunt man stumbled into Fisk's room. Said he:

"Colonel, I've heard you are a generous man, and I've come to ask a great favor."

"Well, what is it, my good man?" asked Fisk.

"I want to go to Lowell, sir, to my wife, and I haven't a cent of money in the world," said the man, in a firm, manly voice.

"Where have you been?" asked the Colonel, dropping his pen.

"I don't want to tell you," replied the man, dropping his head.

"Out with it, my man, where have you been?" said Fisk.

"Well, sir, I've been to Sing Sing State Prison."

"What for?"

"Grand larceny, sir. I was put in for five years, but was pardoned out yesterday, after staying four years and one-half. I am here, hungry and without money."

"All right, my man," said Fisk, kindly, "you shall have a pass, and here—here is $5. Go and get a meal of victuals, and then ride down to the boat in an Erie coach, like a gentleman. Commence life again, and if you are honest and want a lift come to me."

Perfectly bewildered, the poor convict took the money, and six months afterward Fisk got a letter from him. He was doing a thriving mercantile business, and said Fisk's kindness and cheering words gave

him the first hope—his first strong resolve to become a man.

BLACK AND WHITE.

TEN minutes after the poor convict left, a poor young negro preacher called.

"What do you want? Are you from Sing Sing, too?" asked Fisk.

"No, sir; I'm a Baptist preacher from Hoboken. I want to go to the Howard Seminary in Washington," said the negro.

"All right, Brother Johnson," said Fisk. "Here, Comer," he said, addressing his secretary, "give Brother Johnson $20, and charge it to Charity," and the Colonel went on writing, without listening to the stream of thanks from the delighted negro.

DON'T COUNT CHARITY.

ONE day the Colonel was walking up Twenty-third street to dine with one of the Erie directors, when a poor beggar came along. The beggar followed after them, saying, in a plaintive tone, "Please give me a dime, gentlemen?"

The gentleman accompanying Fisk took out a roll of bills and commenced to unroll them, thinking to find a half or a quarter.

"Here, man!" said Fisk, seizing the whole roll and throwing it on the sidewalk, "take the pile."

Then looking into the blank face of his friend, he said, "Thunderation, Sam, you never count charity, you!"

"But, great guns, Colonel, there was $20 in that roll," exclaimed the astonished gentleman.

"Never mind," said Fisk, "then I'll stand the supper to-night."

GRAVEYARD FENCE.

Somebody in Brattleboro came down to New York to ask Fisk for a donation to help them build a new fence around the graveyard where he is now buried.

"What in thunder do you want a new fence for?" exclaimed the Colonel. "Why, that old fence will keep the dead people in, and live people will keep out as long as they can, any way!"

FISK'S LAST JOKE.

The day before Fisk was shot he came into the office, and after looking over some interest account, he shouted, "Gould! Gould!"

"Well, what?" says Gould, stroking his jetty whiskers.

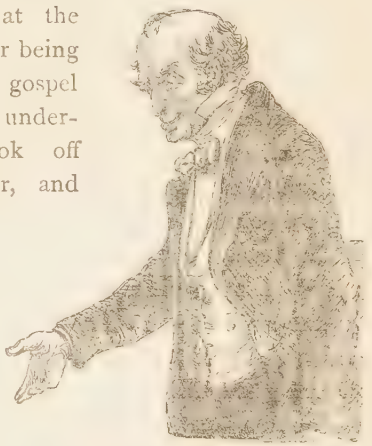
"I want to know how you go to work to figure this interest so that it amounts to more than the principal?" said the Colonel.

MISERABLE FISK!

What a miserable reprobate the preachers all make Fisk out to be! And they are right. Why, the scoundrel actually stopped his *coupé* one cold, dreary night on Seventh avenue, and got out, inquired where she lived, and gave a poor old beggar woman a dollar!

He seemed to have no shame about him, for the next day the debauched wretch sent her around a barrel of flour and a load of coal. One day the black-hearted scoundrel sent ten dollars and a bag of flour around to a widow woman with three starving children; and, not content with this, the remorseless wretch told the police captain to look after all the poor widows and orphans in his ward and send them to him when they deserved charity. What a shameless performance it was to give that poor negro preacher $20 and send him on to Howard University! And how the black-hearted villain practiced his meanness on the poor, penniless old woman who wanted to go to Boston, by paying her passage and actually escorting her to a free state-room, while the old woman's tears of gratitude were streaming down her cheeks! Oh! insatiate monster! thus to give money to penniless negro preachers and starving women and children!

REV. ELI PERKINS.



"ANGELS DON'T WEAR PEARL POWDER"

THE other evening, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, after being sworn in to preach the gospel of Fifth Avenue as I understood it, I arose, took off my brown linen duster, and said:

My dear sisters:

The stanza—

"I want to be an angel,"

which you have just sung will not help you much unless you change your course of life. You must commence dressing more like angels here in this world if you want to be a real live angel in the next. You'd make healthy lookin' angels, wouldn't you? Now, wouldn't you? Angels don't wear pearl powder, do they? and angels don't wear false braids. They don't enamel their faces and smell of Caswell and Hazard's cologne, nor bore holes in their ears like Injuns and put Tiffany's ear-rings in them! Angels don't dye their hair, nor wear big diamonds, and have liveries and footmen, like many of our "shoddy" people. They——

"But how can we tell 'shoddy' people, Uncle Eli?" interrupted several young ladies in the congregation.

This way, my friends, I said: When a strange family arrives at our hotel, you must watch them closely. Divinity puts up certain infallible signs to distinguish the ignorant and vulgar from the children of culture and virtue.

1. If a lady comes into the parlor with a diamond ring on the outside of her glove, it is safe to ask her how much she gets a week. ["Hear, hear!" and several ladies put their hands under their paniers.]

2. If Providence erects a dyed mustache over the mouth of a man, it is to show that he is a gambler or a vulgarian. [Cheers, when two Americus Club men, a gambler, and four plug-uglies from Baltimore, put their hands over their mustaches.]

3. If, when that new family enter or leave the dining-room or parlor, the gentlemen rush ahead, leaving the ladies to follow, there is something "shoddy" somewhere.

4. If the man presents the ladies to the gentlemen, instead of *vice versa*, and they all shake hands on first presentation, then you may know they hail from Oil City.

5. If, when they go in to dinner, they do nothing but loudly order the waiters around, and talk about the wine, you can make up your mind they are the first waiters they ever had and that is the only wine they ever drank. If they pick their teeth at the table, or take out their false teeth and rinse them in the tumbler [*A voice*—"Shoot them on the spot!"]—yes, my friends, I say that to their teeth.

6. If, when a gentleman sits in the parlor talking to a lady, he doesn't sit up straight, but sprawls all over the sofa, puts the soles of his boots on the lady's dress, on the furniture, or wipes his shoes on his own white linen pantaloons, you'd better refuse an introduction to him. [Applause, when eight young fellows, who sat with their legs radiating like the wings of a windmill, or sprawling one foot cross-legged in the empty air, whirled themselves right side up.]

7. If the ladies in that party whitewash their faces, redden their lips, blacken their eyebrows, or bronze or yellow their hair, just you think this is another sign which Providence puts up so you can shun them. Enamel and hair-dye are social beacon-lights, to enable you to keep off the rocks of Cypria. Just you keep away from such people, for they are wolves in sheep's clothing.

Voice from a young lady—"But we want to look beautiful, Mr. Perkins."

But this will not make you beautiful, my children. Any sweetheart who is so shallow as to take whitewash for the human skin, or *rouge* for the rose-checks of nature, is too much of a sap-head to make a good husband; and if he is smart enough to see through your deception—why, he will surely leave you in disgust. [Applause by the gentlemen, while several ladies wiped their faces with their pocket-handkerchiefs.]

8. If, when this family get into their carriage to ride around the Park, the young ladies appear in gaudy colors, throw over their laps a bright yellow and red or blue afghan, and the coachman wears a gold hat-

band, and a sprawl-tailed yellow livery, with velvet collar, and holds brass-bespangled horses with white reins, you may know that the owner keeps a livery stable and that this is his first carriage.

9. It is considered the height of impoliteness to criticise persons to their faces, and still many vulgarians try to make polite reputations by picking up other people, when the correction is ten times a more flagrant breach of etiquette than the original mistake. I have seen plebeians who, if a man by design chose to eat the fine ends of his asparagus with a knife, would call his attention to the error—thus straining at a doubtful gnat of custom and swallowing a camel of impoliteness. Politeness is to do as you would be done by, and anything you do, if you wish to be polite, must be tried by this golden rule.

In conclusion, my dear brothers and sisters, I will say that politeness does not depend upon eating peas with a fork, but it rests on the grander and broader basis of love for your fellow-man.

How is your mother, Johnny?

"Oh, she's dead, I thank you!" is a silly drop of Mrs. Potiphar politeness, which looks sick beside the big ocean of manly generosity which comes out of the Pike's Peak, "Come up, old boy, and liquor, or fight!"

There being several Members of Congress present, Dr. Chapin now lined the hymn—

"I love to steal a while,"

and the congregation, like a man with a poor hand at euchre, passed out.

A SAD MAN.

"ERIE DOWN?"

COMING up from Broad Street in the cars yesterday I met a poor disconsolate Wall Street broker. His heart seemed broken and his face was the picture of despair. I had been usher at his wedding a few months before, when he seemed the picture of happiness; so, smiling, I asked:

"Why, Charles, what has happened; what makes you look so sad?"

"Oh, Eli!" he sighed, "I am all broken up. I have met with a dreadful misfortune."

"What is it, Charley?" I asked sympathetically.

Ohoooo, dear Eli, I cannot—cannot tell you," and then he sobbed again, "Ohhooooo!"

"But what is it, Charley? Perhaps I can comfort you."

"No, Eli. I am so discouraged I want to die."

"Are you ruined, Charley? is your money all gone?"

"Oh, no, Eli, not so bad as that; but Nellie, my dear wife, is dead," and then he broke down again.

"Cheer up, Charley, there may be some happiness left yet. Do not die now," I said.

"No, Eli, I am all broken up—ruined! I don't take

any interest in anything now. My mind is constantly with my poor, angel wife. I dream of her all the time —in the morning and at night, and—by the way, Eli, how did you say Erie closed to-night?"

"Erie is down and they are 'all off,' Charley."

"Well, that's cheering," he sobbed, "for when I got 'short' of Nellie, I went 'short' of the whole market, and it's very consoling in my grief to find things looking so cheerful on the street. And what did you say about Pacific Mail, Eli?"

"Flat as a flounder. The bears have got the whole market, Charley."

"Well, that's cheering, too, Eli. That is indeed cheering, to think my losses are compensated—that when the angels had a 'call' on Nellie I should have a 'put' on Uncle Daniel Drew. It is so consoling to be able to 'cover' your losses, you know. Oh, Nellie was such a comfort to me! but we can't have everything in this world, Eli. We can't always have the whole market our own way. If we take our profits, we must bear our losses. Now let us have a little of Jules Mumm's extra dry, to drink to the memory of my poor dead—goodness! Eli, I'll make $5,000 on that Erie 'put' as easy 's drinkin a sherry cobbler!"

A QUEER MAN.

One day, as the Kansas Pacific train neared Topeka, I sat down by an old farmer from Lawrence. Corn bins lined the road, and millions of bushels of corn greeted us from the car windows. Sometimes the bins full of golden grain followed the track like a huge yellow serpent.

Looking up at the old granger, I asked him where all this corn came from. "Do you ship it from New York, sir?"

"From what?" he said.

"From New York, sir."

"What, corn from New York!"

"Yes, sir," I said. "Did you import it from New York, or did you ship it from England?"

He looked at me from head to foot, examined my coat, looked at my ears, and then exclaimed,

"Great God!"

I never heard those two words sound so like "darned fool" before.

A moment afterwards the old farmer turned his eyes pityingly upon me and asked me where I lived.

"I live in New York, sir."

"Whar?"

"In New York, sir. I came West to lecture."

"What, *you* lecture?"

"Yes, sir."

"You!"

"I do."

"You lecture! you do? Well, I'd give ten dollars to hear you lecture."

I never knew whether this was a great compliment, or—well, or what it was.

"WHAT, YOU LECTURE?"

ELI'S HAPPY THOUGHTS.

I SAW a man pulling his arms off trying to get on a new pair of boots, so I said:

Happy Thought — They are too small, my man, and you will never be able to get them on till you have worn them a spell!

I heard an officer in the Seventh Regiment scolding a private for coming too late to drill, so I said:

Happy Thought—Somebody must always come last; this fellow ought to be praised, Captain, for, if he had come earlier, he would have shirked this scolding off upon somebody else!

I saw an old maid at the Fifth Avenue, with her face covered with wrinkles, turning sadly away from the mirror, as she said:

Happy Thought—Mirrors nowadays are very faulty, Uncle Eli. They don't make such nice mirrors as they used to when I was young!

I heard a young lady from Brooklyn praising the sun, so I said:

Happy Thought—The sun may be very good, Miss Mead, but the moon is a good deal better; for she gives us light in the night when we need it, while the sun only shines in the day time, when it is light enough without it!

I saw a man shoot an eagle, and as he dropped on the ground I said:

Happy Thought—You might have saved your powder, my man, for the fall alone would have killed him.

An old man in Philadelphia brought a blooming girl to church, to be married to her. The minister stepped behind the baptismal font and said, as he sprinkled water over her head—

Happy Thought—I am glad you brought the dear child to be baptized!

A young man was disappointed in love at Niagara Falls, so he went out on a terrible precipice, took off his clothes, cast one long look into the fearful whirlpool, and then—

Happy Thought—Went home and went to bed!

Two Mississippi River darkies saw, for the first time, a train of cars. They were in a quandary to know what kind of a monster it was, so one said:

Happy Thought—Oh, Sambo! it is a dried up steamboat getting back into the river!

A poor sick man, with a mustard plaster on him, said:

Happy Thought—If I should eat a loaf of bread I'd be a live sandwich!

As a man was burying his wife he said to his friend, in the graveyard: Alas! you feel happier than I. Yes, neighbor, said the friend:

Happy Thought—I ought to feel happier, I have two wives buried here!

A man out west turned State's evidence and swore he was a member of a gang of thieves. By and by they found the roll of actual members, and accused the man of swearing falsely. I was a member, said the man; I——

Happy Thought—I was an honorary member!

THE LEGAL-MINDED MAN.

THE other night, I met a young Columbia College law student at a party. He was dancing with Miss Johnson.

"I have an engagement to dance the 'Railroad Galop' with Miss Johnson," I remarked—"number ten."

"You have an engagement? You mean you have retained her for a dance?"

"She has contracted to dance with me," I said.

"But contracts where no earnest money is paid are null and void. You must vacate the premises."

"But will you please give me half of a dance? I ask the courtesy."

"Why, yes, Mr. Perkins," he said; "take her;" but, recollecting his law knowledge, he caught hold of my coat-sleeve and added this casual remark:

"I give and bequeath to you, Mr. Eli Perkins, to have and to hold in trust, one half of my right, title and claim and my advantage, in a dance known as the 'Railroad Galop' with Amelia Johnson, with all her hair, paniers, Grecian bend, rings, fans, belts, hair-pins, smelling-bottles and straps, with all the right and advantage therein; with full power to have, hold, encircle, whirl, toss, wiggle, push, jam, squeeze, or otherwise use—except to smash, break or otherwise damage—and

with right to temporarily convey the said Amelia Johnson, her hair, rings, paniers, straps, and other objects heretofore or hereinafter mentioned, after such whirl, squeeze, wiggle, jam, etc., to her natural parents, now living, and without regard to any deed or deeds or instruments, of whatever kind or nature soever, to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding."

The next evening, the young lawyer called on Miss Johnson, with whom he was in love, and proposed.

"I have an attachment for you, Miss Johnson," he commenced.

"Very well, sir; levy on the furniture," said Miss Johnson, indignantly.

"I mean, Miss Johnson, there is a bond—a mutual bond——"

"Never mind the bond; take the furniture, I say. Take——"

"You do not understand me, madam. I came here to court——"

"But this is no court, sir. There is no officer."

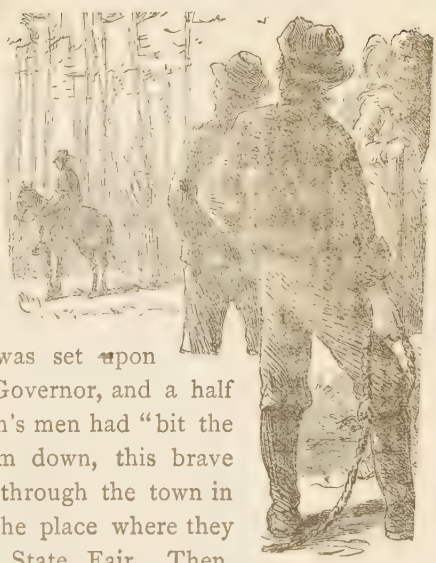
"Yes, Miss Johnson, your father said this morning: 'Mr. Mason, I look upon your offer, sir, with favor.'"

"Your officer?"

"My offer, madame—my offer of marriage. I love you. I adore——"

"Goodness gracious!" and Miss Johnson fell fainting to the floor.

A GRATEFUL MAN.



One day one of the James Brothers, the famous bandits, who have filled Missouri with terror for years, rode into Kansas City during the State Fair. Though a price was set upon his head by the Governor, and a half dozen of Pinkerton's men had "bit the dust" hunting him down, this brave bandit passed on through the town in open daylight to the place where they were holding the State Fair. Then, quietly riding through twenty thousand people, he walked his horse straight up to the treasurer's stand seized the cash-box with three thousand dollars in it, and rode quietly away. It was a Claude Duval adventure—a wild, devil-dare deed. All Kansas City was filled with amazement. The newspapers foamed and fretted about it, the Governor proclamated, and the mayor offered rewards, but all to no avail. The money nor the man ever came back again. Among

the newspapers which were abusing the James Brothers, was the *Kansas City Times*, but one day the *Times* said:

"It may have been robbery, but it was a plucky, brave act —an act which we can but admire for its splendid daring and cool, calculating bravado."

A week after this article praising the James Boy's pluck and daring appeared in the *Times*, two horsemen rode up to the *Times* office at eleven o'clock at night. Calling a watchman, they asked him to tell the editor to please come out.

"Tell him somebody wants to thank him," they said.

When the editor came out on the sidewalk one of the horsemen beckoned him up close to his horse, and said, in an undertone:

"My friend, you said a good thing about me the other day. You said I was brave, even if I was a robber. You spoke kindly of me. It was the first kind word I ever had said about me, and it touched my heart, and I've come to thank you."

"But who are you, gentlemen? I am not aware to whom I am talking," said the astonished editor.

"Well, sir, our name is James. We are the James Brothers——"

"For God's sake, don't kill me!" gasped the frightened editor, almost sinking in his shoes. "I haven't harmed you. I——"

"No, you haven't harmed us. You spoke kindly about us, and we came to thank you. Not only that, but we have come to present you this watch as a token

of our gratitude," and the robber handed out a beautiful gold hunting case chronometer.

"But I can't take the watch," remonstrated the editor.

"You must," replied the robber. "We bought it for you in St. Louis. We didn't steal this watch. Your name is engraved in it. See!" and he held it up before the street lamp.

"No, I cannot take it, I cannot," replied the man, newspaper-man-like, unable under any circumstances to take a seeming bribe.

"But you must. We insist."

"You will have to excuse me, gentlemen," pleaded the honest editor, "for I tell you, gentlemen, I cannot!"

"And you will take nothing from us?"

"Nothing at all."

"Then, if you can't take anything from us—not even this watch," said the bandit, sorrowfully returning it to his pocket—"if you won't take anything for our gratitude, perhaps you can name some man around here you want killed!"

A CONSISTENT MAN.

I MET a Californian to-day who says he don't believe Chinamen have ordinary common sense.

"They haven't ordinary sagacity, Uncle Eli," he said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," said he, growing excited about it, "because—b-e-c-a-u-s-e they haven't."

"But why?" I asked. "I want to know an instance where a Chinaman has ever shown himself to be a darned fool."

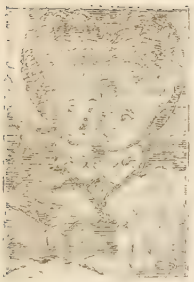
"Why, Eli, I've known a Chinaman to secrete two aces in his sleeves, and when I've played the three aces I had secreted in my sleeves, why, there'd be five aces out! How absurd!"

"Yes, that was very foolish for the Chinaman, but what other cases of foolishness have you seen among the Chinamen?" I asked.

"Why, it was only the day before I left 'Frisco, Mr. Perkins, that we put some tar and feathers on one of them Johnnys, just to have a little fun, and then set fire to it to amuse the children, and the darned fool ran into a clothes-press and spoiled a dozen of my wife's dresses putting out the fire, though I told him better all the time. Dog-on-it, it is enough to make a man lose faith in the whole race!"

And then that good Californian threw a colored waiter out of a fourth story window and went on cutting off his coupons.

THE DANCING MANIA.



ROUND DANCES.

If you see a two-hundred pound man and woman perspiring around with their pompous bodies tossing lightly and springily in the air, arms swaying—keeping good time, and making grand Persian salaams for a bow in the Lancers, you can set them down as belonging to the old Tweed-Fisk-Leland-Americus Club school.

If you see two heated young people tripping fast away ahead of the music, taking short steps, and jerking through a square dance as if the house was on fire and the set must be completed before any could take to the fire-escapes, you can set them down as from the plantation districts of the South, or the rural districts of Pennsylvania and the West. It is the Mississippi River steamboat quickstep.

If you see a black-eyed youth with long hair and a young lady with liquid black eyes, and she has her two hands on the young man's shoulders at full length, and stands directly in front of him, and they both go hopping around like Siamese twins with wire springs under them, you can wager they are from Louisville, Memphis,

or Little Rock. They have the square-hold wrestling step.

If you see a young fellow grasp a young lady firmly around the waist, seize her wrists, stick her hand out like the bowsprit of a Sound yacht, and both hump up their backs like a pair of mad cats on a door-yard fence, and then go sliding slam bang against people, over people, through people, up and down the room, sideways, backwards, and up and down like a saw mill gate, you can be sure they are directly from Chicago, or from the region of Milwaukee or Detroit..

If you see a couple gliding gently, slowly, and lazily through the Lancers—just half as fast as the time, but keeping step with the music—quietly sauntering through the "Grand Chain," too languid to whirl partners, talking sweetly all the time, as if they were strolling in a graveyard, you can rest assured that they are from New York, and from the most fashionable section between Madison Square and the Park. This is the churchayrd-saunter step.

If you see a fellow clasp a girl meltingly in his arms, squeeze her hand warmly, hold her swelling breast to his, and they both go floating down the room locked in each other's embrace, looking like one person, his feet only now and then protruding from a profusion of illusion and lace and so on, rely upon it you can set the two down as belonging to the intense Boston school. It is the melting Harvard College embrace.

Massachusetts take our hat!

THE MILITARY MAN.

The other day, I took a couple of "swell" young ladies up to the West Point Military Ball. Miss Grace Vanderbilt and Miss Mary Astor, Jack Astor's sister, were their names, and their dresses cost $500 apiece—awfully "swell" girls.

I had a hard time chaperoning these two pretty girls. The cadets would get them away from me at every corner. I couldn't keep my eyes on them any more than I could have kept them on a dozen velocipedes in a circus tent. Finally I lost sight of Grace and Mary altogether. They disappeared in the mazes of the dance like small boats in a fog. Now and then I would see them waltzing toward me, and then before I could speak to them their long trains would hop around and wriggle out of sight. In vain — loaded down with camel's hairs and opera-cloaks—I searched for them through the reception-rooms and along the flag-draped corridors. At length I found Grace dancing the German three blocks from the main ball-room, while Mary was flirting desperately with a cadet graduate in the rooms of the Spoonological Museum. That is what they call the Natural History rooms, into which steal flirting cadets and sentimental young ladies, where they can listen to the oft-repeated tales of love and hope. Here in the half-light the cadet, with one hand on a

cannon and the other on a bunch of Indian arrows or the jawbone of a whale, will tell the unsuspecting young lady how he loves her better than war or gunpowder or geometry. And all the time Mary's unsuspecting mamma imagines her beautiful daughter to be innocently walking backwards and forwards in the Lancers.

"What was Cadet Mason saying to you in the Spoonological Museum by the Rodman gun, Mary?" I asked, as we came back from the Point on the *Chauncey Vibbard.*

"Well, he talked very interesting — he — proposed," replied Miss Mary, blushing.

"How proposed?" I asked.

"Why, he said he loved me and wanted me to be engaged to him."

"And you——?"

"Why, I told him to ask father, and——"

"And he——?"

"Why, he said he wasn't really in earnest. He *ahem*ed, and said he didn't really mean anything serious. Then he took my hand and said, 'Why, really, Miss Astor, I don't want to ask your papa.'

"'What do you mean then, Mr. Mason?' I asked.

"'Why, Miss Astor,' he said, 'I only meant to extend to you the regular and customary courtesies of the Point!'

"The miserable, flirting cadet!" And Miss Mary's eyes flashed as she said it.

THE HORSE MAN.

One morning the Rev. Dr. Corey, my uncle Consider, and another good old Baptist minister, were sitting on the balcony in Saratoga, talking theology.

Dr. Corey, who always has an eye for a nice horse, was watching a couple of spans of trotting horses while his brother minister was moralizing over the sins of this gay and fashionable world.

"Alas, these are degenerate days, Dr. Corey! very fast days!" sighed Dr. Deems as he bowed his head and looked at a tract which he held in his hand.

"Yes, pretty fast, Dr. Deems—fast for such young horses and such a heavy road," replied Dr. Corey, whose worldly eyes were on the horses.

Just as two spans danced by with light Brewster buggies, followed by the swellest dog-cart tandem in Saratoga, Dr. Deems heaved a sigh and remarked again,

"Yes, brother Corey, alas! we live in a very fast age."

"Very fast, brother Deems," replied Dr. Corey, taking off his eye-glasses, "very f-a-s-t, but I'll bet ten dollars that I've got a span of fast mares in New York that can 'dust' anything you see here, except the Commodore's!"

Brother Deems merely dropped his head upon his hands, and drew a sigh which could come only from a crushed and broken heart.

THE PIOUS MAN.

A PIOUS old Kentucky deacon—Deacon Shelby—was famous as a shrewd horse dealer. One day farmer Jones went over to Bourbon County, taking his black boy Jim with him, to trade horses with brother Shelby. After a good deal of dickering, they finally made the trade, and Jim rode the new horse home.

"Whose horse is that, Jim?" asked some of the horse-trading deacon's neighbors as Jim rode past.

"Massa Jones's, sah."

"What! did Jones trade horses with Deacon Shelby?"

"Yes, massa done traded wid de deakin."

"Goodness, Jim! wasn't your master afraid the deacon would get the best of him in the trade?"

"Oh no!" replied Jim, as his eyes glistened with a new intelligence, "Massa knowed how Deakin Shelby has dun got kinder pious lately, and *he was on his guard!*"

A FRONTIERSMAN.

"PAY YER FAR!"

WESTWARD, westward, westward we have been riding all day over the Kansas Pacific. From Kansas City the road runs straight up the Kansas River bottom and along Smoky Hill and the buffalo country to Denver. On the train are grangers from Carson and Hugo, and killers and stabbers from Wild Horse and Eagle Tail.

As we near Salina, Kansas, Conductor Cheeney comes along to collect the fare. Touching a long-haired miner on the back, he looks down and says,

"Tickets!"

"Hain't got none," says the frontiersman, holding his gun with one hand and scowling out from under his black slouch hat.

"But you must pay your fare, sir!" expostulated the conductor.

"Now jes look a-here, stranger; mebbe you're a doin' your duty, but I hain't never paid yet goin' through this country, and——"

Just then a slouchy old frontiersman, who had been compelled to pay his fare in a rear car, stepped up in front of the mulish passenger, and pointing a six-shooter at him, said:

"See here, Long Bill, you jes pay yer fare! I've paid mine, and they don't anybody ride on this train free if I don't—if they do, damme!"

"All right, you've got the drop on me, pardner, so put up your shooter an' I'll settle," said the miner, going into his pocket for the money.

"Do these incidents often happen?" I asked the conductor a little while afterward.

"Well, yes, but not so often as they used to in 1868 and 1870, Mr. Perkins. The other day," continued the conductor, "some three-card-monte men came on the train and swindled a drover out of $150. The poor man seemed to take it to heart. He said his cattle got so cheap during the grasshopper raid that he had to just 'peel 'em' and sell their hides in Kansas City—and this was all the money he had. A half-dozen miners from Denver overheard the talk, and, coming up, they 'drew a bead' on the monte men and told 'em to pay that money back.

"'Just you count that money back, conductor,' they said, and after I had done it," continued the conductor, "one of the head miners said:

"'Now, pardner, you jes stop this train, an' we'll hang these three-card fellows to the telegraph pole.'"

"Did they do it?" I asked.

"Well, they hung one of 'em; but the other two, dog on it, got lost in the grass."

"But wa'n't there h—l to pay on that train when we got to Muncie, though," said Cheney.

"How?" I asked.

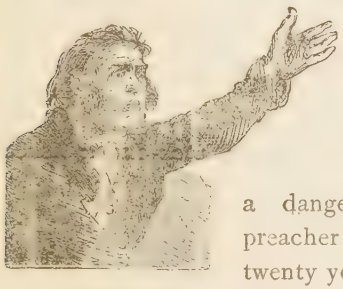
"Why, six masked men stopped the train and robbed

the express car. One man uncoupled the engine and ran it forward—two men went through the express safe and three men went through the passengers. But O! didn't they play hell, though. Wa'n't it a glorious day!"

"Did they rob anybody? did——"

"No, they didn't zackly rob 'em, but they frightened 'em almost to death and then laughed at 'em. They'd stick their blunderbusses in the car windows and shout 'Throw up your hands!' to the passengers, and their hands would go up like pump handles.

The Rev. Winfield Scott, a devilish good old minister from Denver, was takin' a quiet game of poker with another passenger at the time. He had just got four queens and was raisin' the ante to fifteen dollars when one of the robbers pointed his pistol at him and sang out:



PARSON SCOTT.

"'Hold up your hands! or I'll blow your head off!'

"'No, you wont,' says Parson Scott, standing up in his seat—'not by a danged sight! I've been a preacher of the gospel goin' on twenty years, and I'm ready to die in the harness, and I will die, and any man can shoot me and be danged before I'll throw up such a hand as that—two trays and four queens!'"

THE HACKMAN.

General Grant has been sending a good many Philadelphia Quakers to the Indian Nations as agents. Recently a party of Quaker commissioners returned to Philadelphia on a visit.

The "Broad Brims" landed, carpet-bag in hand, at West Philadelphia, when an Irish hack-driver, who chanced to have a broad-brim also, stepped up, and to ingratiate himself into their good graces, passed himself off as a brother Quaker.

"Is thee going towards the Continental Hotel?" asked the hack-driver.

"Yea, our residences are near there," replied the Quakers.

"Will thee take my carriage?"

"Yea—gladly."

As they seated themselves, the hack-driver asked very seriously—

"Where is *thou's* baggage?"

SEWERS AND SOWERS.

THE other day, Uncle Consider and Aunt Patience came down to New York to trade. Uncle said he'd go and buy some jewelry—a black emanuel buzzum-pin and some antic ear-rings—for the girls, and an onion seed-sower for the farm; while Aunt Patience went looking about for a sewing-machine.

After a while Uncle Consider, in his meandering down Broadway, stumbled into Wilcox & Gibbs's sewing-machine show-rooms. He saw so many little machines, and pamphlets, and nice cases around, that he took it for an agricultural warehouse.

As the old man entered the store, the polite Mr. Hankey, who always shakes hands with all new customers, advanced to meet him, saying:

"Good-morning, sir. Can I show you a sew——"

"Good-mornin'," interrupted Uncle Consider, grasping Mr. Hankey's hand. "How d' do? I kum into buy—this is a machine store, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir, this is Wilcox & Gibbs's; we sell the best machines——"

"Well, Mr. Gilcox & Wibbs, I want to buy a sower—one that will sow all kinds of little truck—a machine that will sow cotton, will sow——"

"Yes, sir; our machines will sew anything in the world, and gather, and tuck, and ruffle, and fell, and

em, and puff; and we send a binder and a feller with it - fifty-six dollars, sir, for the plain machine, and——"

"You say it will bind as well as sow?"

"Certainly, sir; bind anything in the world."

"And gather, too?"

"Anything, sir."

"And sow anything we may have to sow on the farm?" asked Uncle Consider in amazement.

"Sew anything and everything, as straight as a clothes-line," replied Mr. Hankey.

"And you sell 'em for fifty-six dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Mr. Gibcox & Wills, then you jes send me up one of them thar machines that will sow onions, bind buckwheat, and gather apples," said the old man, unrolling his leather wallet and laying six ten-dollar bills on the counter.

HARD ON LAWYERS.

In Akron, Ohio, where they have the personal damage temperance law, I heard of a funny temperance case. A rumseller, whom I will call Hi Church, because he was "high" most of the time, had been sued several times for damage done by his rum on citizens of the town. One man came out drunk and smashed in a big glass window. He was too poor to pay for it, and the owner came against Church. A boy about sixteen got drunk and let a horse run away with him, breaking his arm. His father made Church pay the damage. A mechanic got drunk and was killed on the railroad track, and his wife sued Church for $2,000 and got it. A farmer got drunk and was burned in his barn on the hay. His son sued Church and recovered $1800. Church got sick of paying out so much money for personal and property damages. It ate up all the rumseller's profits.

Still, he acknowledged the law to be a statute, and that it held him responsible for all the damage done by his rum. He used to argue, also, that sometimes his rum did people good, and then he said he ought to receive something back.

One day lawyer Thompson got to drinking. Thompson was mean, like most all lawyers, and when he died of the delirium tremens there wasn't much mourning in

Akron. There wasn't anybody who cared enough for Thompson to sue Church for damage done. So, one day, Church went before the Court himself.

"What does Mr. Church want?" asked the justice.

"I tell yer what, Jedge," commenced the rumseller, "when my rum killed that thar mechanic Johnson and farmer Mason, I cum down like a man. I paid the damage and squared up like a Christian—now, didn't I, Jedge?"

"Yes, you paid the damage, Mr. Church; but what then?"

"Well, Jedge, my rum did a good deal to'ards killin' lawyer Thompson, now, and it 'pears ter me when I kill a lawyer I kinder oughter get a rebate!"

E. PERKINS—ATTORNEY AT LAW.

ELI PERKINS,
Attorney at Law.

I AM now ready to commence the practice of law in New York. I've been reading New York law for two weeks—night and day. I find all law is based on precedents. Whenever a client comes to me and tells me he has committed a great crime, I take down the precedent and tell him what will become of him if he don't run away.

In cases where clients contemplate great crimes, I tell them beforehand what will be the penalty if they don't buy a juryman.

Yesterday a man came to me and said he wanted to knock Mayor Hall's teeth down his throat. "What will be the penalty, Mr. Perkins?" he asked.

"Are they false teeth or real teeth?" I inquired.

"False, I think, sir."

"Then don't do it, sir. False teeth are personal property; but if they are real, knock away. These are the precedents:"

TEETH CASES.

A fellow on Third avenue borrowed a set of false teeth from the show case of a dentist, and he was sent to Sing Sing for four years.

Another fellow knocked a man's real teeth down his throat, and Judge Barnard let him off with a reprimand!

The next day Controller Green came to me and wanted to knock out Mr. Chas. A. Dana's eye, because Mr. Dana wrote such long editorials.

"Are they real eyes or glass eyes, Mr. Green?" I asked.

"One looks like glass, the other is undoubtedly real," said Mr. Green.

"Then read this precedent and go for the real eye:"

POSSIBLE EYE CASES.

Making off with a man's glass eye—two years in Sing Sing.	Tearing out a man's real eye—a fine of $5.

In cases of legs I find these precedents:

Stealing a man's crutch—two years in the Penitentiary.	Breaking a man's leg—a fine of $10.

So I advise clients to go for real eyes and real legs.

GENERALLY.

I conclude— Damage to a man's property—the Penitentiary and severest penalty which the law admits.	I conclude— Damage to or destruction of a man's life—acquittal or a recommendation to mercy.

Now I am ready to practice. I prefer murder or manslaughter cases, as they are the simplest. If you want to shoot a man come and see me, and I'll make a bargain with the judge and jury, and get you bail beforehand.

HOW DONN PIRATE THRASHED "ELI PERKINS."

LETTER FROM THE VICTIM—DREADFUL PUNISHMENT OF CONSIDER'S NEPHEW.

I SHALL never forget how Donn Pirate, a District of Columbia brigand, and I fell out and had a big fight. I shall also long remember the terrible thrashing he gave me. I knew I had been whipped by Donn because I saw the marks on Donn's face and also talked with the doctor who sponged him off and put liniment on him. But oh, it was a fearful castigation! I never want to be whipped again. If ever any man wants to continue to serve humanity—wants to make a martyr of himself—wants to reduce himself to a lump of jelly like the boneless man in the circus, by whipping me, I hope he will read this and reflect.

This is the way Donn came to thrash me. I tell it to our sorrow. You see, Donn had been saying how I had stolen some literary thunder out of his *Capitol*. I informed him politely how he had lied, and insinuated that he was a d—— f——, such as they have a good many of in the District of Columbia.

This roused Donn's patriotism, and yesterday he called at my rooms to thrash me. I was never so affected in my life as when I saw him coming up the

long dark stairs. And when I smelled his breath I was thrown into hysterics. I was so badly frightened that I didn't know what to do. I seized my cane and commenced dancing wildly around the room. Every now and then I would let it drop on somebody.

"Please be quiet, Mr. Perkins—calm yourself," said Mr. Pirate, who seemed to sympathize with me in my extreme agitation.

But, like John Phœnix when he thrashed Judge Ames, I couldn't keep quiet. My cane continued to fly around in such a wild manner that Donn really pitied me. He didn't feel like going on with the thrashing at all. But all at once he made a lurch with both legs towards the stairs, frightening me terribly. Then he dragged me down the steps by the hair of his head, which stuck to my trembling hands. I was so frightened that I fell down on top of him. Then he shook me up and down in the most savage manner by my poor hands, which were fastened tightly to his coat-collar. All the time I was so scared that my cane trembled violently in the air, and it would have been smashed to pieces a dozen times had not Mr. Pirate's head softened the blows on the pavement. Thus this infuriated man continued to thrash me until he became unconscious. Then the police came and took his hair out of my hands, released me, and carried him home on a stretcher.

I shall never recover from that terrible fright. Even this morning I began to be nervously affected again when I saw this bloodthirsty man. My cane began trembling in the air. But Donn seemed to feel sorry

for me—"so sorry," he said, "that he didn't have the heart to thrash me any more."

To show how this whipping occurred, I append a map drawn by the new Heliotype process after William Hogarth:

MAP OF ACCIDENT.

D represents Donn.
E represents Eli.
C represents Cane.

Yours truly, "ELI PERKINS."

P. S.—I send you my original poem by Artemus Ward and John Phœnix on my truthful and high-toned

friend Donnel Pirate, the only licensed court-jester now living:

CHAP. 3ST.

Once on a time it came to pass,
As Donn Pirate was lying
Asleep in bed, he had a dream
And cried, "I'm dying—dying!"

PART ONEST.

But when they woke the lying Donn,
He said, "I'm only cheating
The grave of my poor sinful soul
And th' Devil of a happy meeting."

CONCLUSION.

So when they found in Washington,
Alas! that Donn was stealing
A march on Satan and his imps,
Their grief 'twas hard concealing.

E. P.

A DAY AT SARATOGA.

FLIRTING—DANCING—DRINKING—GAMBLING.

"I AM AFRAID SOME ONE IS WATCHING US!"

WHAT do the "swells" do in Saratoga?

Well, at eight A. M. they appear on the hotel balcony. He is dressed in soft hat, with feather, and English cut-away coat; she in Leghorn hat, cocked up with plume. She carries a pongee parasol, bound with black lace, and wears a pongee redingote, with black lace sleeves to match her parasol. In the old time of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis and Mrs. Dr. Rush, young ladies and poodles in hot weather both needed muslin; but times have changed.

"Aw, Miss Astor," Augustus remarks, "thwal I ethkort you to the Congwes spwing?"

"Thanks, Mister de Courtney, thanks!" replies Miss Astor, taking his arm.

Then they saunter to the spring, drink two glasses, and walk around the park. She hangs lovingly on his arm as she watches the squirrels and fawns, or looks up sweetly as she gossips confidentially about the "horrid dresses the Scroggs girls wear." Returning to the spring, they drink the third glass and return to the "States." Now they walk three times up and down

the balcony to show their morning costumes; then sweep in to breakfast, where they read the *Saratogian*, eat Spanish mackerel, woodcock, and spring chicken, give the waiter a dollar, and gossip about the Jones girls, whose mother used to keep a boarding-house.

"Bah! some people do put on such airs!" remarks Miss Astor.

After breakfast and cigars all sit on the back balcony of the "States" to talk and "spoon" and hear the music.

Time, half-past ten. Sentimental young ladies now "spoon" under mammoth umbrellas, with newspapers in front.

"Oh, Augustus! I am afraid somebody is watching us."

"No, they kon't, yeu kneuw, Miss Mollie; but it's hawid to sit in such a cwowd—perfectly atwocious; let's walk up to the gwaveyard."

"To see the Indians, Augustus?"

"Oh, yes; they're jolly nice—perfectly lovely—splen——"

And off they go to the Indian encampment on the hill.

At two P. M. dinner—sweetbreads, salad, Philadelphia squabs, and champagne.

"O gracious! Augustus, aren't my cheeks red!"

Augustus's father, after eating squabs and drinking champagne, sherry, and claret, remarks:

"Did it ever occur to you, Mr. Perkins, that a plain liver like me could have the gout?"

Dinner over, and all retire to balcony to smoke and

read the papers. Sentimental young people talk in corners and fire model madrigals and twenty-inch fans, and Augustus reads sentimental poetry:

You kissed me! My soul, in a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a foolish man drunken with wine.
And I thought 'twere delicious to die then, if Death
Would but come while my lips were yet moist with your breath!
And these are the questions I ask day and night:
Must my life taste but one such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast were my shelter as then?
And—if you were here—would you kiss me again?

Miss Astor reads:

Why can't you be sensible, dearie?
I don't like men's arms on my chair.
Be still! if you don't stop this nonsense,
I'll get up and leave you—so there!

Then the "spooniest" young people saunter over to the ten-spring woods or down to the double seats in Congress Spring Park.

After tea the grand balcony tramp commences. Ladies in full dress—gros grain silks, tight to hip, long train, with white lace sleeves. Hair braided in short stem behind. Gentlemen in "swallow tails."

"O, Augustus! isn't this dress too sweet for anything?"

"Just too lovely, Miss Astor. And ain't the mewsic awful jolly to-night?"

Admiring mothers now look on and hold extra chairs. Rich old bachelors who own dog-carts bow, present bouquets, and retire. Engaged couples seclude themselves in unlighted corners.

"Yes, Augustus, we'll go to Washington on our bridal trip."

At nine, children are led off to bed, mothers occupy long lines of chairs around the hop room, and dancing commences. Small talk usurps the time between the sets.

Young Gentleman—Charmin' evening, Miss Astor.

Young Lady—Yes, awful charmin'—perfectly lovely—splen——

Young Gentleman—Donce a squar donce to-night?

Young Lady—Oh, Augustus! I kon't, yeu kneuw. The squar donces are beastly—perfectly atwocious—hawible—perfectly dre'ful. Let's donce a galop. They're awful jolly—perfectly divine.

Twelve P. M.—Hop over and lights out. Girls drink lemonade in reception room, talk about ruined dress skirts, and handsome fellows rush down to Morrissey's.

"I'll make or break to-night."

Table loaded with white and red checks, champagne flows, and cigar smoke fills the air, like a cherubim.

"Gus, lend me $10?"

"The white loses and the red wins," slowly repeats the dealer.

"My God, I'm ruined!"

After midnight—streets silent; hotel dark. The click of the gamblers' checks sounds out from the gilded haunt of the revelers. Lizzie dreams of dresses, of love, of heaven—and of her dear, dear, innocent Augustus.

"Who smashed that champagne bottle into the mirror?"

Then they carry Augustus home—hair over his face and his blue eyes bleared and blinded.

"Oh, please keep it from father!"

Why do I reflect? Why do I look upon all this sinning and sorrowing—this verity and vanity—this gladness and giddiness, and see no good? Sorrowfully I bow my head and say:

"PLEASE KEEP IT FROM FATHER!"

We are born; we dance; we weep,
We love, we laugh—we die!
Ah, wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we love—and die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!
We toil through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose, and then, ere long,
Stone dead we lie!
O life, is all thy song,
"Endure and die"?

THE SWELLS AT SARATOGA.

ELI MOURNS BECAUSE HE CANNOT DANCE THE ROUND DANCES.

MISS JOHNSON.

CONVERSATIONS as varied as the crowd greet you on every hand at Saratoga. Last night Mr. Winthrop, a young author from Boston, was talking to Miss Johnson from Oil City. Miss Johnson is a beautiful girl—very fashionable. No material expense is spared to make her attractive. She is gored and puckered to match her pompier, and ruffled and fluted and cut on the bias to correspond with her overskirt, but, alas! her literary knowledge is limited.

As Mr. Winthrop was promenading up and down the balcony last night, he remarked to Miss Johnson as he opened Mr. Jenkins' English book:

"Have you seen *Ginx's Baby*, Miss Johnson?"

"Oh, Mr. Winthrop! I think all babies are dreadful—awful—perfectly atrocious! Mrs. Ginx don't bring her baby into the parlor, does she?"

"But how do you like *Dame Europa's School*, Miss Johnson?" continued Mr. Winthrop.

"I don't like any school at all, Mr. Winthrop, except dancing school—they're dreadful—perfectly atrocious! O, the divine round dances, the——"

"Have you seen the *Woman in White*, by Wilkie Collins, Miss Johnson?"

"No, but I saw the woman in dark blue by Commodore Vanderbilt—and such a dancer—such a——"

"Did you see *Napoleon's Julius Cæsar?*" interrupted Mr. Winthrop.

"Napoleon's Julius seize her! you don't say so, Mr. Winthrop! Well, I don't wonder. I wanted to seize her myself—any one who would wear such an atrocious *polonaise!*"

And so, aristocratic Miss Johnson went on. In every word she uttered I saw the superiority of the material over the mental—the preponderance of milliner over the schoolmistress. I was glad to sit with the poor Boston author at the fountain of Miss Johnson's wisdom—to drink in a perpetual flow of soul, and to feast on reason.

But when a moment afterwards I saw Miss Johnson and empty-headed Mr. Witherington of Fifth avenue floating down the ball-room in the redowa, I felt that my early education had been neglected.

"Alas, I cannot dance!" I sighed. "I cannot dance the German!"

"O," I sighed in the anguish of my heart, "would that I had directed my education in other channels; would that I had cultivated my brain less and my heels more, and that books and art and architecture had not drawn me aside from the festive dance. Would

that the palace of the Cæsars, the Milan Cathedral, and the great dome of St. Paul's were in chaos! Would that Dickens and John Ruskin and old Hugh Miller had never lived, and that the sublime coloring of Rembrandt and Raphael had faded like the colors of a rainbow."

* * * * * * * * *

"After death comes the judgment; and what will it profit a man to gain the whole world and fail with Miss Johnson to dance the round dances?" In the anguish of my heart I cry aloud, "May the Lord have mercy on my soul and not utterly cut me off because I have foolishly cultivated my brain while my heels have rested idly in my boots."

So I went on!

MINNIE IN SARATOGA.

MINNIE.

MINNIE is a type of the watering place belle. She is as beautiful as her picture, and so fascinating! Below is Minnie's diary for one week, just as she wrote it at Saratoga.

MINNIE'S DIARY.

Monday.—Horribly cold. Arrived from Lake George to-day. Looked like a fright—know I did, when I got out of the omnibus. Wonder if the Vaughans are here. Phew! had to walk through fifty men smoking on the balcony. Eight dresses—eight days. Know Virginia is dying to see them; such lace! Saw Bob Munson. Had same club-house smell as Fred. Walking wine-cellar. She kissed me in the hall twice. Pumped her about Dick. Didn't show in the parlor to-night. Will make a sensation at breakfast. Who is this Dick? Looks like a poke.

Tuesday.—Bob Munson's card before breakfast—the bore! Drank four glasses. Spooned with Bob on park seat; afraid it won't agree with me. I do believe he loves me. Said so. Squeezed my hand twice. The [illegible]! I'm too happy to live. Chops and codfish,

Quaker style, for breakfast. Virginia called with Dick. Such a dress—gored and puffed and fluted, and the dear knows what! Just saw an old flame, Albert, dear Albert. Bowed gracefully. Mamma frowned. Oh, dear! Asked him to call. Squeezed my hand a little What did he mean? Virginia's mother very sick Water was too much for me.

"DICK CALLED."

Wednesday.—Such an event has happened. Dick called. Glad Virginia left him with me. Such a lovely waltz with Bob. Why don't he cut his nails? Horrible! I bite mine. After waltz, spooned with Dick. Dick says I'm too sweet to live. Perfectly atrocious. Dick and I think alike. He likes the moon, and I'm another. He's spooney and so—well, I make him believe I am. If that mean, jealous Fanny Mason goes peering around again when Dick is holding my hand, I'll scalp her. No, I'm to be her bridesmaid.

Thursday.—Walked to graveyard with Dick. Such a nice, *sensible* talk as we had. First, we talked about the soul—how destiny often binds two souls together by an invisible chain. Pshaw, what an old Muggins Bob Munson is! Then we considered the mission of man and woman upon earth—how they ought to comfort each other in sickness and in health. If I looked like that fright who wore the blue dress, I'd wear corsets. And then Dick quite startled me by asking me if I ever cared for any one. Wore blue grenadine cut on the bias to-night. Told him yes, for papa and mamma. Always did look lovely in grenadine. Dick

is a darling. "I mean, Minnie, could you love me?" The fraud. Cut the Masons flat.

Friday.—O dear! Rode to the lake. Bob said, "I'm going to have a lemonade; what will you have?" Just as if I could say champagne after that. Albert, dear Albert! Wore white muslin. Dick spooned again. "You look sweet enough to kiss." Mustache touched my face. Said he longed for a chance to talk with me alone. Knew the precious time had come, and Dick was just a-going to say it, when ma came up, with that dreadful old widower Thompson. O dear! Water disagrees with me again. Must stop it.

"Come, Minnie, you go with Mr. Thompson. I want to introduce your young friend Dick to the Masons." I look like a fright. Don't pay to buy six-buttoned gloves to spoon in.

Dick flirted with Fanny Mason—the scarecrow! Wore Elizabeth ruffle four inches high. Did it to spite Fanny Mason. Where is Virginia?

Saturday.—Dick proposed. Swell clothes did the business. I do love lavender gloves. Virginia is cut out, sure. Sang "Rock me to Sleep." Fanny Mason said I had a cold. The meddling old wudgock! Lavender is my color. Engaged to Dick. Gracious, I'm half afraid I love that fellow! He does kiss too sweet for anything. Must stop drinking the water. Saw the educated pig. He's a boor. Mother caught Dick kissing me. Told father. Stormed. Let out that we were engaged. "Then you'll go home to-morrow." O, dear, my fun is all over. Must stop at the Point and take in the cadets once more. They can't flirt. Such

goslings! Dick goes with us, and Virginia—she's jilted! Ha! Ha!!

P. S.—Wrote a letter to Julia Mason.

MINNIE TO JULIA.

My Darling Julia: First, let me tell you all about myself. I'm just lovely, and having such a time! Flirting in Saratoga ain't like flirting in New York—in the horrid box at the opera, or on the atrocious stairs at a party. We have just the whole back balcony all to ourselves—and then we walk over to the graveyard, and pretend to go down to bowl, and stray off into Congress Spring Park. Then the drives! My lovely phaeton—and Prancer, she's just too sweet for anything! Now the idea of calling a horse sweet!

"How do I look?"

Well, the best way to tell you that is to send you a sketch which Dick made for me. Now, you don't know who Dick is, I suppose. Well, Julia—now don't you mention it—he's—Dick is—well, I'm engaged to him! Dick is a brunette, you know, and I'm a blonde. He's poetical and I'm prosy. He's lean and I'm stout. He's serious and I'm giddy. He's smart and I'm—but you should just see his eyes once. Such eyes!

And such a divine mustache, Julia!

I know he loves me. He's told me so fifty times; and when I tell him I love him, he draws a long, sad sigh, and says:

"I am very happy, darling; I like to be loved."

That's all he says, but I know he loves me.

I know you want to know how I got Dick "on the

string," now don't you? Well, I'll tell you. There is a Miss Virginia Vaughan stopping at the Clarendon. She's an old thing, and awfully cross and prudish, as all those Clarendon girls are.

"THE MEAN THING!"

Ha, ha! You know, Dick, he says the Clarendon must be an awful healthy place.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because most all the young ladies live to such nice old ages there."

Oh, the wretch!

If it weren't so healthy up there, O dear! a good many of them would have been dead years ago, wouldn't they?

Well, this Virginia Vaughan knew Dick. She, the mean thing, was engaged to him when they came here. How he could have ever fancied that cross thing, I don't know. My! wouldn't she eat me up if she could—*wouldn't she!*

Mother says Vaughan and my Dick look just alike. Bah!

Well, to tell you how I first met Dick. Virginia, you know, was engaged to him. About a week ago she got a telegraph from the Masons over at Newport, saying her mother was sick—almost dying. Virginia had to go, of course. So she came to me and said she loved Dick, and she hated to leave him—the simpleton—and that as they were engaged, Dick would be quite lonesome without her. The little goose! Then she asked me to sort of entertain Dick till she came back. Sit on

the balcony, you know, and promenade, etc. Well, I did it: you may be assured I did. I played awful sweet on poor Richard. ("Poor Richard" is good—ain't it? I mean for me.) I asked him to promenade in the park. We sat on that flirting seat. I said I was lonely. I told him it was not meet for any one to live all alone. Then I sighed, and let my hand fall gently on the book. Of course he took it—any fellow will do that. You know the rest. In three days he proposed to me—and—I—well, of course I accepted him. Of course I had to.

But what a fuss we had, though! One day I was sitting on that seat alone, reading and waiting for Dick. I knew he was coming—of course I did. Pretty soon I heard some one stealing up behind me. I was sure it was Dick, but I pretended not to notice him. Pretty soon he came close up, and gave me a kiss, smack on my neck.

"Oh, Dick! how could you, darling?" I cried, when, looking up—good gracious! what do you think? Why, it wa'n't Dick at all. It was that mean, old, poky, cross Virginia Vaughan!

Of course she made a fuss about it, and broke off the engagement, and all that; but I don't care. Dick is mine now; and they say the silly thing has actually put on mourning!

Did you ever?

Well, Vaughan (we girls don't call her Virginia any more) has got some other beaux now. She's got old gray-headed Munson, of the Jockey Club.

Old Munson drives a Brewster dog-cart, with a tiger

behind; and such swell English clothes! Then there is a real nice club-house smell about him all the time, like dried champagne and cigar-smoke. Dick says all these club men smell like a dried bar.

There, pa is coming.

The dear, good old pa! I'm going right straight him and tell him about Dick, get him to say "yes and then tease him out of such a trousseau! Diamonds, laces, silver, six bridesmaids, honeymoon, and—goodness!—I wonder if Dick will want to do like those Union Club fellows—go off and spend the entire honeymoon with the fellows, and leave me at home! Such things are dreadful. Oh, dear!

But, darling, I must close. Let's see, what have I written about? Next time I'll tell you about myself. By-by! You old darling! MINNIE.

SARATOGA, *July* 23.

MARRIED BROWN'S BOYS AT SARATOGA.

HIS SECRET LOVE-LETTER.

SARATOGA, *July* 18.

YES, married Brown's Boys. You will see them in every large city and at every watering-place—men married to suffering, neglected wives, but flirting with scores of young ladies.

Yesterday a young lady, Miss Ida ———, at the United States Hotel, received a letter from one of these married Browns' Boy flirts at the Clarendon. Miss Ida carried the letter all day, and accidentally dropped it in the ball-room last night. The writer is a handsome man, the husband of a devoted wife, and the father of beautiful children, and this, alas! is the heartless letter which he writes to one of our young ladies to-day:

CLARENDON, *July* 10.

My own darling:

I will try and see you to-night in the piano corner of the big parlor—at eight. Manage to be there with Lizzie and Charley, for they are spooney and we can "shake" them, and they will take it as a kindness.

"MY PHOTOGRAPH."

I send you my photograph. How do you like it? Do send me yours. You are in my mind constantly—day and night. You say you "don't think I can be true to you and

have a wife at the Clarendon." Have I not told you, dearest, that I have no wife? To be sure, we are married, but she is not my wife. I do not love her as I love you. She belonged to a very rich family, and had a good deal of property—Boulevard lots. She laid no claim to being aristocratic. My family *were* aristocratic. There is no better blood in the Knickerbocker Club than he has who has so often confessed his love to you. She married me for my aristocratic connections, and I married her, alas! I am ashamed to confess it, for her great wealth. We are married, but not mated. Then, after she nursed me through a long spell of sickness, she looked haggard and worn. Then I told her I could not love her unless she looked fresh and beautiful. She looked sad at this, and turned her head away. Foolish woman. Then I resolved to get a divorce. This was before I saw you, my dear, sweet girl—before Miss S. presented us at the last ball. Didn't we have a sweet time? Then, when we rode over to the lake, and sauntered out along the willow banks, Mrs. C. thought I was at the races. That night I loved you so wildly that I had a fearful headache. I knew it was that. I threw myself on my bed at the Clarendon. Mrs. C. insisted on bathing my head with camphor. She said the races were too much for me. I tossed and rolled in a delirium for hours, and then finally went to sleep. In my sleep I dreamed of you, my dear Ida. I called your name aloud several times—then I awoke. It was three o'clock, but Mrs. C., haggard and worn, was still sitting over me. When I cried your name, dear Ida, she said:

"Why, darling, have you forgotten my name? My name is not Ida."

How stupid! In the morning I gave her a scolding for making a fool of herself. She looked so forlorn after this that I told her to stay in her room, and I came down and spent that happy evening with you.

In one of your notes, dear Ida, you say your papa asked you if I was not married, and that you blushed and said "Of course not." That's right. I never take out Mrs. C., and no one knows that we are married but our intimate friends.

"HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?"

I shall soon have a divorce, when I will let her go with a dowry. It is quite funny to think that the very money which I propose to pay her dowry with, *she herself gave me* when we were married. But if I give her a small dowry, then *we* will have enough to keep our carriage and live handsomely. Won't we, pet? You say, darling, that you could never be happy without a carriage. Well, you shall have one, if I have to sell Minnie's diamonds to buy it. Minnie won't want diamonds when she is living on a dowry.

You ask me how I became acquainted with Minnie? Well, it's a funny story. We first met at Newport. Her father came up with the Vintons—coach and four. Minnie was beautiful then. She had golden hair and

great brown eyes, like you, pet, and an arm as plump and white as Lizzie's; but she has worried herself so about me when I've had neuralgia and headache after big dinners at the Club, that she's only a shadow now.

Well, as I was saying, we were at Newport together. One day we were out rowing—clear out by the light-house. I stood up in the boat to light a cigar—a gust came and over I went into the surf. I thought I was done for, and I did sink twice, but the third time Minnie rowed the boat up to me, caught hold of my clothes, and held me till some men put out from the shore. I ought to be very grateful to Minnie—and I am. I'm going to allow her a large dowry—for her—$1,500 a year, and we'll take care of Freddy ourselves, won't we? I suppose she will want Freddy—all mothers are foolish about their children; but he's a boy, and of course I can take him. Then he won't bore us much, as we can trudge him off to boarding-school.

Now, my darling Ida, you see how much I love you. So keep this evening for me and all the round dances on your card. Those United States fellows wouldn't make such a sacrifice for you as I would—would they? Tell your father that I'm a vestryman in Dr. Morgan's church. I'm not, you know, but they did speak to me about it once, and it's the same thing.

With kisses and love, dear Ida, I am all thine till I see you.

J. C. F.

P. S.—Of course this note is all *entre nous*.

J——.

To-night I watched for J. C. F. Sure enough, Miss Ida sat waiting for him in the piano corner. In a moment they "shook" Lizzie and Charley, and went off on the back balcony, where the lights are few and dim. There they are now—now as I write. I can see their shadows drawn out on the floor, but, alas! they are not two shadows, but one. They must be sitting very close together.

This, alas, is love—Saratoga love. This is new-dispensation love. This is round dance, dog cart, tandem, *panier* love. This is not the old-fashioned love of Ruth and Boaz nor the foolish sentiment of Dante and Beatrice. This is the pure and sublime passion engendered by the new civilization—the civilization of divorce trials, faro banks, horse races, and round dances. The old love of our fathers was old-fashioned and primitive. The new love must come through wives divorced, through six-carat *solitaires* and in a gilded tandem drag with coachmen in gold-spangled liveries. Honor, bravery, learning! Bah! Take away your Socrates and give me the new Philosopher with his coachmen in top-boots. Why serve seven years for a woman's love, like miserable Jacob, caught in the snares of Rachel, when you can marry a fortune, divorce your wife with a $1,500 dowry, and carry off your new sweetheart in two weeks at Newport and Saratoga? We all take to the new *panier*-dog-cart love. We all throw away the plain gold ring for the sparkling *solitaire*. Did not Martin Luther go back on Rome and St. Peter—his first love—for the pretty girl of Nuremburg?

ELI'S BELLE OF SARATOGA.

THERE she goes—the old belle—and thus we sum her up: Nine gallons of inflated pannier, 176 yards of muslin in trailing underskirts, $48 worth of wig, $36 worth of dangling smelling-bottles, fans, card-cases, and straps; 196 yards of gros grain silk, some cotton, one box of pearl powder; $72 worth of teeth on gutta percha; six-button gloves, mammoth umbrella, copy of Edmund Yates's book—and all hanging on the arm of something intended to represent a man—a sort of amateur gentleman.

Saxe says:

> Hark to the music of her borrowed tone;
> Observe the blush that purchase makes her own;
> See the sweet smile that sheds its beaming rays,
> False as the bosom where her diamonds blaze.

And sorrowfully my cousin Peleg wails this verse:

> See how the changes of her walk reveal
> The patent instep and the patent heel;
> Her patent pannier rounds her form divine,
> Its patent arch supports her patent spine,
> Lends matchless symmetry and stylish gait,
> And bears the label, "PATENT—'68."
> A patent corset holds her flimsy form,
> And patent dress-pads keep her bosom warm.
> Behold the plaintive glance of patent eyes,
> As she lifts her patent eyebrows in surprise.
> She shakes her head—four pecks of patent hair
> Fly like a hop-yard in the August air,

And twenty grim ghosts whisper her aside,
"Dear Sylph! *we* wore that wig before we died."
To whom respondeth, unabashed, the beauty,
Git out, you spooks! I guess I know my *jute-y*."
How gnash her patent teeth with gutta percha ire,
And flash her patent eyes with belladonna fire!
As drops her patent chignon in a chair,
She jumps to pick it up——

But I forbear.

BROWN'S BOYS AT SARATOGA.

HOW INNOCENT YOUNG MEN ARE DECEIVED.

SARATOGA, *July 8th.*

GUS AND MISS K.

YESTERDAY a remarkable case of misplaced confidence came out up at the aristocratic United States.

A kind old millionaire father was staying there with two daughters. He was said to be very wealthy. He himself talks of putting $500,000 into a national bank. Under the circumstances, of course the Brown's Boys have been very sweet on the eldest young lady. They (and *one* especially) have been always on hand with bouquets and bon-bons. Absolute devotion are no words to express this young man's polite attention. Thus the thing has been going on for a week. All at once yesterday the most devoted young man fell off. He looked pale and excited. Then he gave up his aristocratic room at the States, and took cheap rooms at Congress Hall. Here he looked the picture of discouragement.

Meeting him this morning I asked him what was the matter.

Why, Eli," said he, as he heaved a great sigh. "I've

been devoted to Miss K—— for a whole week; we've been over to eat black bass at Meyers's; we've bowled and breakfasted at Moon's, and I don't know what we haven't done."

"Well, Gus, what of that?" I asked.

"Nothing, only I've been fooled—deceived. You know Miss K——'s father is rich?"

"Yes—a millionaire."

"And I've been devoted to her for a week?"

"Yes, I've noticed it."

"Spent lots of money on her for bouquets and drives, and——"

"And what, Gus, w-h-a-t?"

"Why, Will Clark knows the family. He was groomsman at the old fellow's first daughter's wedding."

"Was it a big one?" I asked.

"Yes, a swell affair on Madison avenue. But when the poor young husband went to get into the carriage to start on his bridal tour, the old tight-fisted dromedary of a father-in-law gave his bride-daughter—how much do you think?"

"Why, I suppose a check for $20,000, Gus."

"A check for $20,000! Thunderation! The tight-fisted old fool handed her a $10 bill, and Will Clark says he'll be blessed if he has ever given her a penny since; and here I've been wasting bouquets and a whole week's time on the second daughter, and——"

And then Gus chewed the end of his cigar violently, and wiped the cold drops of perspiration from his forehead. He was a broken-hearted victim of misplaced confidence.

I told him to cheer up. I told him that he was like all of us—that it goes against the reason of a young man nowadays to take an old man's extravagant daughter for nothing. I told him that once we had visions of supporting our fathers-in-law—of giving them large sums of money; but now, alas! things have changed, and fathers who deceive us, as you have just been deceived, ought not to be allowed to run at large. They should be instantly arrested. They are confidence men—stumbling blocks and snares in the pathway of innocent, confiding young men.

"Alas, Eli!" he sighed, as the big tears rolled down his cheeks, "when will we poor innocent young men cease to be deceived by our sweethearts' fathers? There ain't any more honest love. It is all planning and plotting, lying and conspiracy, Eli. The old women lie, and say the girls have large fortunes. Old men talk to unsuspecting young men about establishing $500,000 banks. Brothers lie and say their sisters have large expectations, and the girls—even the girls, Eli—why, they lie their heads on some sweet Albert's shoulder down in New York and then come up here and make believe they are not engaged. They take our bouquets and bon-bons, and then, alas! they let us slide down the pathway of life alone.

Somebody should be arrested!

UP TO SNUFF.

Colonel Alexander, the venerable President of the Equitable Insurance Company, while in Saratoga always keeps his pockets full of silver pieces. He keeps a pocketful of dimes and quarters for the waiters. He has found that the darky boys are ten times as delighted at the sight of a silver quarter as they are at a piece of soiled fractional currency, and that they will run just ten times as far for it, and bring just ten times as good a dinner. As the Colonel hands the pieces out, he always whispers slyly:

"There, that is for 'snuff,' my boy;" and all the boys have had Colonel Alexander's "snuff" said to them so many times that they are all ready to grin and drop the quarter in their pockets as the silver piece falls and "snuff" is uttered.

Well, last night, the Colonel rang his bell about twelve o'clock for some ice-water. In a moment, the darky was on hand with a pitcher. As he set it down, the Colonel tipped forward very ominously in his *robe de nuit*, and handed the boy a couple of bright silver quarters.

"There, my boy, that's for snuff, you know," said he, as he dropped the shiny pieces into the somber palm. Then the door closed, and Colonel A. went to sleep.

About one o'clock he was awakened by a loud knock at his door, and then another.

Rat! tat! tat!

"Who's there?" shouted the Colonel from his bed.

It was the waiter, who, not understanding Col. Alexander's snuff dodge, was pounding at the door with a bladder of maccaboy in his hand.

"Good gracious!" said the Colonel, as he rubbed his eyes and opened the door. "What in thunder do you want?"

"It's me, sah," said the faithful darky.

"And what do you want, 'round knocking at doors two o'clock in the morning? What in goodness' name——?"

"But, sah, I is come wid de snuff!"

"The what, man?" asked the astonished Colonel.

"De snuff, sah; and dis is de best I could do, foh de peoples is all done gone to bed, and de 'backer shop is all done shut up. Sarten, sah, dis is all de snuff to be had, fer I'se perpendickler to inquiah evy wha, sah."

"O dear, this is the worst!" sighed the Colonel, and then the ladies, who were listening to the dialogue over the transept, say they heard the disconsolate man drop heavily on his pillow and sigh as if his great, good old heart were broken.

A FLIRTING DODGE.

One day I saw a pretty young lady from Brooklyn flirting in a Saratoga parlor. She was reported to be an heiress, and of course had hosts of admirers. There seemed to be a good deal of strife among the young gentlemen as to who should absorb this pretty heiress.

That day a handsome New York fellow got hold of her early in the morning, and it seemed as if he would keep her away from all the rest of her admirers for the rest of the day. He must have "buzzed" her for an hour steady—at least until a young Chicago fellow thought he never would go. He despaired of getting a word in edgeways—this Chicago man did. If he had known the New York fellow he would have been tempted to join in the conversation and sat him out, but the young lady seemed to like the New York fellow and was bound to let him have his way clear to the end. This made it all the worse for the Chicago gentleman.

Well, how did the Chicago fellow manage it?

Why, he simply walked around behind the New York fellow, and remarked to a friend, just loud enough for the enraptured lover to hear it:

"John, that feller wouldn't sit there talking so sweet if he knew what a fearful rent there was in the back of his coat, would he?"

The New York fellow overheard the remark. His look of interest cooled in a moment. Then he worked his back around towards the wall, as if he was trying to conceal something. He imagined ten thousand people were looking at him. He didn't lean forward and look sweetly into the young lady's eyes any more. He put his hand convulsively around towards his back, *ahem*ed! a few times in a business-like way, looked red in the face, and then said:

"Excuse me, Miss Mollie, but I have an engagement with a friend. You'll excuse me a moment, won't you?" and then he shied off towards the elevator with his face to the young lady. He didn't walk straight, but worked himself along sideways, keeping his back towards the wall, and then disappeared up the Otis elevator, just as the young fellow from Chicago sat down by the young lady and commenced *his* version of the oft-repeated tale of love and hope.

Are such things right?

FALL OF ANOTHER CLERGYMAN.

It is with sorrow that I am compelled to chronicle the fall of another clergyman, and that, too, in Saratoga. The unfortunate man is the Rev. Dr. Corey, who has been, with Dr. Deems, for many years the spiritualistic co-adviser of Commodore Vanderbilt We all know that for many years Dr. Corey has driven fast horses with the Commodore, but his friends were not prepared to hear of his fall like a good many other clergymen, through the influence of woman.

The scandalous story being told by Dr. Corey's brother clergymen at the "States" to-day, is as follows: For several weeks Dr. Corey has been noticed at intervals to be engaged in talking with a beautiful young lady on the balcony. No other strange conduct was noticed, and nothing serious has been thought of the matter till to-day, when the full particulars of the clergyman's fall became known. It seems that last evening about dusk the doctor was seen talking still more earnestly with the same young lady, when another young lady, a friend of the first, hurriedly joined the two. Both young ladies are highly connected, but their names are withheld from the public for the present. As the second lady appeared, words ensued, and Dr. Corey seemed to be surprised about something. Stepping back a moment toward the edge of the bal-

cony, his foot slipped, and the unfortunate clergyman fell over the edge and down into a water-sprinkler, totally ruining the sprinkler, and tearing a fearful rent in his Gersh Lockwood pantaloons. Before the doctor's fall became publicly known, he fled to New York, where he is now keeping his room while his family tailor is trying to patch up the difficulty and mend the unfortunate affair.

THE SWELL DRESS-PARADE.

THE Seventh Regiment went to Boston on the 18th of June to attend the Bunker Hill Centennial with the swell 5th Maryland. The Regiment encamped on the Common—right in front of the aristocratic Beacon street brown stone residences. All the pretty girls in Boston came down to Beacon street to board that week, and then such dancing and talking and flirting as went on!

THE DRESS PARADE.

Of course, everything was done in a polite and circumspect manner. Our fellows all wore neat white pantaloons and sported white kids in place of gigantic cotton gloves. No gruff orders were given by the officers, but every direction was made in the shape of a polite request. An officer was not permitted to say rudely,

"*Right shoulder shift*—HARMS!"

But he was instructed to say,

"Ah, gentlemen (*smiling and bowing gracefully, with hat in hand*), will you do me the favor to shift your weapons to the other shoulder?" and immediately after making this request he did not shout in a loud voice, HARMS! but as soon as the request was complied with the officer was instructed to remove his hat, and say, "Thank you, gentlemen," or "Much obliged to you," or something of that sort, yeu kneuw.

NEW MANUAL OF ARMS.

This is the way Col. Clarke drilled the regiment after it was drawn up along the Beacon street residences, with the beautiful Boston young ladies in front, kept back by a guard of white satin ribbon.

First the polite drill-master appeared before them, smiling in his most placid manner—then politely tipping his hat he saluted the line, and proceeded to shake hands with the entire regiment. When this was done the regular drilling commenced and continued as follows:

Attention, if you please, gentlemen! Ah (*takes off hat and bows sweetly*), thank you!

Will you be kind enough to shoulder arms? Thanks (*smiling and bowing with hat in hand*), gentlemen, thanks!

Will you now favor me by ordering arms? Ah, thanks, gentlemen.

If it is not asking too much, will you be kind enough to order arms again? Ah—thanks—(*bowing very low and taking off hat*), you are very kind.

I hope if not too fatiguing, that you will now be kind enough to present arms! Ah—very good (*smiles sweetly*), I'm too obliged to you!

If agreeable to you, will you shoulder arms, please? You are—ah, very kind—(*bowing*)—I'm so much obliged to you!

If not too much fatigued, gentlemen, might I ask you to order arms? Thanks, gentlemen. Ah, you're very kind! (*Bows very low and salutes regiment.*)

You are now dismissed, gentlemen! (*Bows profoundly.*) I'm, ah—awfully obliged to you. If agreeable to you, ah—I should be happy to, ah—meet you again to-morrow evening! Good day, gentlemen! (*Bows and shakes hands all round, while the soldiers return to flirt with the young ladies on the balconies.*)

THE GOOD MAN.

Do not think because I write about the follies and foibles of Saratoga that good and true men do not sometimes go there. The good man will be good everywhere. He will be just till he has no bread, just till he has no drink, just chained to the stake, till he sees the faggots piled about him and curling flames gnawing at his quivering flesh — clinging to the throne of God.

In the mazes of the dance you will see brave men with hearts to love and pray; Christian mothers with faces all aglow with the smiles of Heaven; children with beautiful angel faces, and babes in arms, sweet blossoms born from the bosom of Divinity.

Last summer you might have seen enacted daily, at one of the most fashionable hotels in Saratoga, one of the sweetest incidents in the Christian life. As the

thoughtless watering-place throng swayed in and out of the great dining-room, and the endless clatter of tongues and cutlery seemed to drown every holy thought, a silver-haired old man entered quietly at the head of his Christian family and took his seat at the head of the table.

Instantly the laughing faces of a tableful of diners assumed a reverential look. Their knives and forks rested silently on the table while this silver-frosted Christian, with clasped hands, modestly murmured a prayer of thanks—a sweet benediction to God. The scene lasted but a moment; but all day long the hallowed prayer of this good man seemed to float through the air, guiding, protecting and consecrating the thoughtless army of wayward souls.

It was a long time before I could find out who this grand old Christian was; but one night it came to us all at once.

That night a lovely Christian mother arose early from the hop-room, with her two little girls, to return to her room.

"Why do you go so early, Mrs. Clarke? The hop in not half over," remarked a lady friend.

"You will laugh at me if I tell you. Now, really, won't you, my dear?"

"No, not unless you make me," replied her friend.

"Well, then," said this Christian mother, as she leaned forward with a child's hand in each of hers. "You know I room next to that dear, good old white-haired man, and every night at ten he does pray so beautifully that I like to go with the children and sit

in the next room and hear him pray; for I know when we are near his voice nothing can happen to the children."

With tears in her eyes, her friend said, "Let me go with you;" and right there, in the middle of the lanciers, these two big-hearted Christian women went out with their children to go and kneel down by the door in the next room to listen to the family prayer of good old Richard Suydam

OWED TO FRANKLIN STATUE.

Read at the Franklin Statue Dinner at Delmonico's,

A. D., 1872.

GRATE statur! Immense, gigantic Franklyn,
Made of brass! We reverential bow,
And skrape, and in thy presents stand
With heds uncuvered. We give thee glory—praze,
And smash our Dunlap hats and kry
Thy glory to yon shining *Star!*
Grate, noble sire! and yet, of liberty a *Sun*
Who cam'st to *Herald* freedom and a press unchained—
Who took'st thy *Post* with patriots round
The *Standard* of thy kuntry's struggling braves,
And wrote thyself a *Tribune* to the startled *World.*
Thou noble ded!—and yet knot ded, but quick
In lasting brass—the *Express* image of thy anshunt self,
A tranquil *Witness* to the wond'ring *Globe,*
That honist werth shall not eskape reward!

A PARROT STORY.

MR. TRAVERS, who stammers enough to make a story interesting, went into a bird-fancier's in Center street, to buy a parrot.

"H—h—have you got a—a—all kinds of b—b—birds?" asked Mr. T.

"Yes, sir, all kinds," said the bird-fancier politely.

"I w—w—want to b—buy a p—p—parrot," hesitated Mr. T.

"Well, here is a beauty. See what glittering plumage!"

"I—i—is he a g—g—good t—talker?" stammered Travers.

"If he can't talk better than you can I'll give him to you," exclaimed the shopkeeper.

William bought the parrot.

THE RAT STORY.

"Mr. Travers," says Jay Gould, "once went down to a dog-fancier's in Water street, to buy a rat-terrier.

"'Is she a g—g—good ratter?' asked Travers as he poked a little, shivering pup with his cane.

"'Yes, sir; splendid! I'll show you how he'll go for a rat,' said the dog-fancier—and then he put him in a box with a big rat."

"How did it turn out?" I asked Mr. Gould.

"Why, the rat made one dive and laid out the frightened terrier in a second, but Travers turned around, and sez he—'I say, Johnny, w—w—what'll ye t—t—take for the r—r—rat?'"

TRAVERS AND CLEWS.

If any one tells a good story in New York, they always lay it to Mr. Travers, just as they always used to lay all the good stories in Washington to President Lincoln.

Henry Clews, the well-known bald-headed banker, who always prides himself on being a self-made man, during a recent talk with Mr. Travers had occasion

to remark that he was the architect of his own destiny —that he was a self-made man.

"W—w—what d—did you s—ay, Mr. Clews?" asked Mr. Travers.

"I say with pride, Mr. Travers, that I am a self-made man—that I made myself—"

"Hold, H—henry," interrupted Mr. Travers, as he dropped his cigar, "w—while you were m—m—making yourself, why the devil d—did—didn't you p—put some more hair on the top of y—your h—head?"

Mr. Clews has since invested 75 cents in a wig.

TRAVERS ON FISK AND GOULD.

One day last summer, Colonel Fisk was showing Mr. Travers over the *Plymouth Rock*, the famous Long Branch boat. After showing the rest of the vessel, he pointed to two large portraits of himself and Mr. Gould, hanging, a little distance apart, at the head of the stairway.

"There," says the Colonel, "what do you think of them?"

"They're good, Colonel—you hanging on one side and Gould on the other; f—i—r—s—t rate. But, Colonel," continued the wicked Mr. Travers, buried in thought, "w—w—where's our Saviour?"

Mr. Travers, who is a vestryman in Grace Church, says he knows it was wicked, but he couldn't have helped it if he'd been on his dying bed.

PAWN-SHOP CLOTHES.

One of our swell Fifth Avenue fellows was walking in the hall of the hotel last night, displaying a nobby London suit of clothes, and smoking a 40-cent "Henry Clay."

"Hallo, Gus!" said a friend, taking hold of his coat lappel, "why, I thought that coat was new; but—ah—I see now! it was bought out of a pawn-shop."

"Out of a pawn-shop? I guess not!" says Gus, highly insulted.

"Yes, Gus, you bought that coat out of a pawn shop—now own up—didn't you?"

"Look here, Charley Gibson (frowning terribly), I don't allow any one to insult me, and I won't stand any more of your devilish insin——"

"But, Gus, what's the use of being so airy about it?" interrupted Charley. "I'll bet you a basket of champagne that you *did* buy this coat out of a pawn-shop anyway."

"All right, it's a bet. Now come down to Brooks Brothers and I will show you the man who cut it."

"Well then, of course you bought it *out* of a pawn shop; you didn't buy it *in* a pawn-shop, did you, Gus?"

WHERE DUCKS LIVE.

On Saturday a Dutch 'longshoreman strode up by the Stock Exchange, with a half-dozen ducks strung across his shoulders for sale. John Martine and Vice-President Wheelock were admiring the gamey birds,

and thinking how they would taste served up at Delmonico's, when Martine observed:

"A-ha! Johnny, nice ones, ain't they? Where did you shoot them—on the wing?"

"Mine Gott, no! I shoots him on de tail, on de back—anywhere he dam shtrike!"

"What do the ducks live on, Johnny?"

"O, they lives un corn, und peans, und bread, und saurkrout, und——"

"But they can't get those things to live on in the winter, man!"

"O, den dey lives un de schore!"

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS SAVED.

This morning an old fellow's horses ran away near the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and went smashing along down Twenty-fourth Street to Bull's Head. People thought the whole fire department was coming. Timid men dodged with their horses to get away from the shower of wheels and axle-trees, and old ladies screamed, tipped over their Domestic sewing machines, and pressed their frightened children to their bosoms. One old man found himself directly before the frightened horses, but it did not do him any good, as he did not remain right side up long enough to reap any desirable benefit from the discovery. It did not kill him, but he looked very much discouraged.

As the old gentleman who owned the team vainly tried after a few minutes to separate the dead horses

from the running gear, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed:

"O dear! my wagon is broke! I wouldn't a-had this happen for five hundred dollars. I——"

"But don't grieve, old man," put in a sympathizing Bull's Head man; "it didn't cost you a cent; you had it done for nothing, so put up your money!"

And now the old fellow really thinks he has saved five hundred dollars.

TIP OF THE FASHION.

Miss Mollie Bacon, of Madison Avenue, observed, as she spread her paniers over four seats in the stage:

"I'm too delighted, dear Eli, to have something, at last, in the tip of the fashion."

"How so, Mollie?" I asked.

"Why, 'Jennie June' says, 'High-heeled shoes are very much *worn* this winter,' and I've got a pair with six holes in 'em!"

SHIRKING FROM WORK.

They've got a new sensation at the Fifth Avenue Hotel—the fashionable ladies have. It's a male hair-dresser. He's a handsome fellow, too, and is bound to be quite a favorite. The fellows around the hotel are all jealous of him, and try to quiz him on the back steps after he has spent an hour or two putting up a young lady's hair.

Yesterday he worked three hours on a sentimental young lady's *chignon*, and she didn't have very much hair either.

"O dear," exclaimed my Uncle Consider, "when work is to be done how some men will shirk!"

TRUNK SMASHERS.

Dave Marks, the famous Troy baggage-master and trunk smasher—the man who slides trunks from morning till night down a plank, and bangs and slams them from the New York Central trains into the Hudson River boats—recently experienced religion over at the Round Lake Camp Meeting. Last night he went to a prayer-meeting in Troy, and before a large congregation of worshipers he confessed that he had smashed thirteen million dollars' worth of trunks in twelve years, and had been too sick a good deal of the time to attend to business personally, too.

"But, my dear brothers and sisters," he said, "since I experienced the 'wrath to come,' I tell Brother Perkins that any old paper bandbox of a trunk is as safe in my hands as a Herring's safe.

Commodore Vanderbilt told Superintendent Tousey this morning that he was going to compel every baggage-man on the Central Railroad to either experience religion or go to breaking stones for ballasting the road He says he's not going to hire men and pay them to spend all their time and strength working for the New York trunk makers.

ELI ON DOMINIE FORD.

On Colfax Mountain, N. J., lives good old Dominie Ford. The Dominie is a good old hardshell Baptist, who distills apple-toddy during the week and makes special prayers and preaches doctrinal sermons on Sunday. His *forte* is praying for specific things, and, like the chaplain in the Massachusetts Legislature, he always tells the Lord more than he asks for. Sometimes the Dominie commences his prayer "O Lord! thou knowest," and goes on narrating what the Lord knows for fifteen minutes.

One day Uncle Consider, Major Colfax and I called on the good old Dominie, when he prayed as follows:

"O Lord, thou knowest the wickedness and depravity of the human heart—even the hearts, O Lord, of our visitors. Thou knowest the wickedness of thy servant's nephew, John Ford. Thou knowest, O Lord, how he has departed from thy ways and done many wicked things, such as swearing and fishing on Sunday; and thou knowest, O Lord, how he returned, no longer ago than last night, in a state of beastly intoxication, and whistling, O Lord, the following popular air:

"'Shoo fly, don't bodder me"

And the Dominie screwed up his lips and whistled the air in his prayer.

A HARD NAME.

A New Yorker was introduced to a Cleveland gentleman to-day, and not hearing his name distinctly, remarked:

"I beg pardon, sir, but I didn't catch your name."

"But my name is a very hard one to catch," replied the gentleman; "perhaps it is the hardest name you ever heard."

"Hardest name I ever heard? I'll bet a bottle of wine that my name is harder," replied the New Yorker.

"All right," said the Cleveland man. "My name is Stone—Amasa J. Stone. Stone is hard enough, isn't it, to take this bottle of wine?"

"Pretty hard name," exclaimed the New Yorker, "but my name is Harder—Norman B. Harder. I bet my name was Harder and it *is!*"

The joke cost Mr. Stone just $27.87.

ELI ON THE F. F. C's.

This morning a well-known Boston man sat down by Senator Robertson, an old and proud resident of South Carolina, on the balcony of the United States Hotel and commenced ingratiating himself into the Southerner's feelings.

"I tell you, sir, South Carolina is a great State, sir," remarked Senator Robertson enthusiastically.

"Yes," said the stranger from Boston, "*she is.* I knew a good many people down there myself, and splendid people they were too; as brave and high-toned as the Huguenots."

"You did, sir?" exclaimed the Senator.

Oh, yes, sir. I knew some of the greatest men your State ever saw, sir. Knew 'em intimately, sir," con-

tinued the Boston man, confidentially drawing his chair closer and lighting his cigar.

"Who did you know down there, sir, in the old Palmetto State?" asked the Southerner.

"Well, sir, I knew General Sherman, and General Kilpatrick, and——"

"Great guns!" interrupted the South Carolinian, and he kept on talking in the same strain for two hours.

THE MEANEST MAN YET.

Some gentlemen were talking about meanness yesterday, when one said he knew a man on Lexington avenue who was the meanest man in New York.

"How mean is that?" I asked.

"Why, Eli," he said, "he is so mean that he keeps a five-cent piece with a string tied to it to give to beggars; and when their backs are turned he jerks it out of their pockets!

"Why, this man is so confounded mean," continued the gentleman, "that he gave his children ten cents a piece every night for going to bed without their supper, but during the night, when they were asleep, he went up stairs, took the money out of their clothes, and then whipped them in the morning for losing it."

"Does he do anything else?"

"Yes, the other day I dined with him, and I noticed the poor little servant girl whistled all the way upstairs with the dessert; and when I asked the mean old scamp what made her whistle so happily, he said:

"'Why, I keep her whistling so she can't eat the raisins out of the cake.'"

NEWSPAPER GOKE.

One day, while riding over the Kansas Pacific Rail road toward Carson, the train boy came into a car full of miners, with Eastern newspapers.

"Her's yer *Times* 'n *Inter-Ocean. Harper's Weekly*," he shouted.

An old miner, who caught the last sentence, jerked up his head and said:

"Harper's weakly, schu say, boy. Why, I (hic) didn't know he was (hic) sick!"

ELI ON ANA.

There was a young woman named D——, whose bustle was bigger than she; she said, "I do find the times I'm behind, so I'll just put the *Times* behind me!"

The above was parodied from this poem by Sir Winfield Scott:

> "There was a young man in Glen Cove
> Who sat down on a very hot stove:
> When they asked, 'Did it burn?'
> He said 'Yes,' in the sternest
> Of voices—this youth from the Cove."

The above is not quoted as one of the finest things Mr. Scott ever wrote. Oh, no. In fact, we have native poets who have written grander things. For example, the inspired poet of Saginaw, (Michigan)

speaking of the early settlement of that country tunes his liar, and sings:

> Once here the poor Indians took their delights—
> Fished, fit and bled;
> Now most of the inhabitants is whites—
> With nary red.

ANIMATE NATURE.

LAST year I saw a watch spring, a rope walk, a horse fly, and even the big trees leave. I even saw a plank walk and a Third Avenue Bank run, but the other day I saw a tree box, a cat fish and a stone fence. I am now prepared to see the Atlantic coast and the Pacific slope. My Uncle Consider says he saw a tree bark and saw it holler. The tree held on to its trunk, which they were trying to seize for board.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

"ELI" says the first composition he ever wrote ran about thus:

> A eel is a fish with its tail all
> the way up to his ears never fool with
> powder eli Perkins
> P. S. They live most any where they can git

And he says this was the only original poetry he ever wrote, and it was composed by another fellow:

COMPLIMENTARY.

The editor of the Cleveland *Leader* brought his wife and eleven children—all boys and girls—to "Eli Perkins's" lecture on free tickets, and then went home and deliberately wrote and punctuated the following:

"A poor man fell over the gallery last night while 'Eli Perkins was lecturing in a beastly state of intoxication."

BABIES.

In the cabin of the steamer St. John, coming up the Hudson the other evening, sat a sad, serious-looking man, who looked as if he might have been a clerk or bookkeeper. The man seemed to be caring for a crying baby, and was doing everything he could to still its sobs. As the child became restless in the berth, the gentleman took it in his arms and carried it to and fro in the cabin. The sobs of the child irritated a rich man, who was trying to read, until he blurted out loud enough for the father to hear,

"What does he want to disturb the whole cabin with that d—— baby for?"

"Hush, baby, hush!" and then the man only nestled the baby closer in his arms without saying a word. Then the baby sobbed again.

"Where is the confounded mother that she don't stop its noise?" continued the profane grumbler.

At this, the grief-stricken father came up to the man, and with tears in his eyes, said: "I am sorry to disturb you, sir, but my dear baby's mother is in her

coffin down in the baggage room. I'm taking her back to her father in Albany, where we used to live."

The hard-hearted man buried his face in shame, but in a moment, wilted by the terrible rebuke, he was by the side of the grief-stricken father. They were both tending the baby.

Mr. Gough is very fond of telling this story, and Eli is glad of it, for it is a good story and a true one.

TIGHT LACING.

Why will young ladies lace so tight?

My Uncle Consider says our New York young ladies lace tight so as to show economical young fellows how frugal they are—how little *waste* they can get along with. They don't lace so as to show their beaux how much squeezing they can stand, and not hurt 'em. O, no!

SOM-ET-I-MES.

The other day, at a dinner, Jack Hammond appealed to several well-known lexicographers as to the meaning of the word *som-et-i-mes*.

"How is it spelled?" asked Mr. Coe. "Perhaps it is a musical term."

"Why, *s-o-m* som, *e-t* et, som-et, *i* som-et-i, *m-e-s* mes, som-et-i-mes," replied Jack, holding up the word on a piece of paper.

Nobody could guess it. Three or four Harvard and

Yale men went searching after the Latin root, and the young ladies said, "We give it up."

"It is very simple," said Jack; "it means occasionally. Webster says, 'sometimes, *adverb;* occasionally—now and then!' "

There was a scattering among his guests, and Jack finished his dinner alone.

GRAMMAR.

THE grammarian of the *Evening Telegram* came into our room yesterday, and said:

"Do you know, Perkins, that table is in the subjunctive mood?"

"Why?" we asked, meekly.

"Because it's wood, or should be." And then he "slid."

ELI PERKINS BLUNDERS.

"NO, SIR!"

RIDING up to the village hotel in Courtland, where I was to lecture during the Greeley campaign, I saw the big, smart landlord smoking a short pipe on the balcony, while his wife was sweeping around his chair.

"Hallo! Do you keep this hotel?" I asked.

"No, sir, I reckon not; this tavern keeps me."

"I mean, are you master here?"

"Waal, sometimes I am (looking at the old lady's

broom), but I guess the boys an' I run the stable—take your hoss?"

"Do you support Grant?" I asked.

"No."

"What! support Greeley?"

"No, s-i-r."

"Thunder, man! You don't support George Francis Train or Mrs. Woodhull, do you?"

"No, sir-r-r-ee! Look he-er, stranger, I don't support nobody but my wife Abby an' the chil'n. It's hard 'nough to git suthin for the chil'n to eat, without supportin' Greeley an' Grant an' such other darn fool women as Mrs. Woodhull, when taters ain't worth only twenty cents a bushel an' we have to give away our apples."

After the delivery of this, I kept still a few moments but soon ventured to continue:

"Got anything to drink 'round here, my friend?"

"Yes, everything drinks around here."

"Any ales?" I mean.

"Touch of the rheumatiz myself—folks generally healthy, though."

"I mean, have you got any porter?"

"Yes, John's our porter. Hold his horse, John."

"I mean, any porter *to drink?*"

"Porter to drink? Why, John can drink, an' ef he can't drink enough, I kin whip a right smart o' licker myself."

"Pshaw—*stupid!* Have I got to come down and see myself?"

"You kin come down, Shaw Stupid, and see yourself

ef you want to—thar's a good looking-glass in the bar-room."

NICE ARABLE LAND.

Awhile ago, the late Mr. Samuel N. Pike sold an amphibious Jersey building lot to a Dutchman. There are large tracts of land in New Jersey which overflow at high tide. The Dutchman in turn sold the amphibious building lot to a brother speculating Dutchman as "nice arable land." Dutchman No. 2 went to look at it at high tide and found it covered with salt water, eels, and leaping frogs. He came back in a great fury, and sued Dutchman No. 1 for swindling him.

"Did you sell this land for dry land?" asked the judge of the sharp Dutchman.

"Yah! It vasch good try lant," replied the Dutchman.

"But, sir, the plaintiff says he went to see it and it was wet land—covered with water. It was not dry arable land," said the judge.

"Yah—Yah! It vasch good try lant. Ven I sold it to my friend it vasch low tide!"

MONEY CLOSE.

"How is money this morning, Uncle Daniel?" asked Uncle Consider, as he shook hands with that good old Methodist operator on the street this morning.

"Money's close and Erie's down, Brother Perkins; down—down—down!"

"Is money very close, Uncle Daniel?"

"Orful, Brother Perkins—orful!"

"Wall, Brother Drew, ef money gets very close to-day," said Uncle Consider, drawing himself up close to Uncle Daniel; "ef she gets very close—close enough so you can reach out and scoop in a few dollars for me, I wish you would do it."

Uncle Daniel said he would.

INDIFFERENCE.

"Did you ever do anything in a state of perfect indifference, Miss Julia?" I asked an old sweetheart of mine last night.

"Why, yes, certainly, Mr. Perkins—a good many times."

"What, did it with absolute, total indifference?"

"Yes, perfect, complete indifference, Eli."

"Well, Julia, my beloved," I said, taking her hand, "what is one thing you can do now with perfect indifference?"

"Why, listen to you, Eli."

I postponed proposing.

THE WHISKEY WAR.

During the whiskey war in Hillsboro', Ohio, the ladies all crowded around Charley Crothers's saloon, one day, and commenced praying and singing. Charley welcomed them, offered them chairs, and seemed delighted to see them. He even joined in the singing.

The praying and singing were kept up for several days, Charley never once losing his temper. The more they prayed and sang the happier Charley looked. One day a gentleman came to Charley and broke out:

"I say, Charley, ain't you getting 'most tired of this praying and singing business?"

"What! me gettin' tired? No, sir!" said Charley. "If I got tired of the little singing and praying they do in my saloon here, what the devil will I do when I go to heaven among the angels, where they pray and sing all the time?"

Then Charley winked and took a chew of cavendish.

FUN IN WASHINGTON, OHIO.

In Washington they tell a story about Ralph Johnson, who became alarmed when the ladies came and prayed in his saloon. The next day Ralph went to the ladies almost broken-hearted, and said if he could only get rid of five barrels of whiskey which he then had on hand he would join the temperance cause himself.

"We will buy your poisonous whiskey, and pay you for it," said the ladies.

"All right," said Ralph, and he took $300 and rolled the whiskey out. The ladies emptied the whiskey into the street. Ralph joined the cause for one day, and then went to Lynchburg, where they have 11,000 barrels of proof whiskey in store, and bought a new lot.

"What do you mean by doing this, Mr. Johnson?" asked a deacon of the church.

"Well," replied Ralph, "my customers war a kinder

partic'lar like, and that thar old whiskey was so dog-on weak that I could not sell it to 'em no how; but it didn't hurt the ladies, for it was just as good as the best proof whiskey to wash down the gutters with."

TERRIBLY INDIGNANT.

A NEW YORK rough stepped into a Dutch candy and beer shop this morning, when this conversation took place:

"I say, Johnny, you son of a gun, give us a mug of bee-a. D'y' hear?"

"Yah, yah—here it ish," answered the Dutchman, briskly handing up a foaming glassful.

"Waal, naow, giv' us 'nother mug, old Switzercase!"

The Cherry Street boy drank off the second glass and started to go out, when the Dutchman shouted:

"Here, you pays me de monish! What for you run away?"

"'You pays de monish!' What do you take me for? I doan't pay for anything. I'm a peeler—that's the kind of man I am!" growled the rough.

"You ish von tam sneaking, low-lived scoundrel of a thief—that's the kind of man I am!" shrieked the Dutchman between his teeth as the Cherry Street boy shuffled off towards another beer shop.

THE UNSUSPECTING MAN.

THE other evening, at a fashionable reception, Miss Warren, a well known old maid from Boston, was prom-

enading in the conservatory with Mr. Jack Astor, one of our well known New York young gentlemen. As the music stopped, the two seated themselves under a greenhouse palm-tree, and the following dialogue occurred:

"Nobody loves me, my dear Mr. Astor; nobody——"

"Yes, Miss Warren, God loves you, and your mother loves you."

"Mr. Astor, let's go in!"

And five minutes afterwards Miss Warren was trying the drawing-out dodge on another unsuspecting fellow.

VERY DANGEROUS.

When Colonel Clark and Adjutant Fitzgerald of the Seventh Regiment came to the Grand Union to see Jim Breslin and borrow some nut-crackers for the regiment, John Cecil and Abiel Haywood said it wouldn't do to let 'em have 'em.

"Why?" asked the Adjutant, indignantly.

"Because it's dangerous," said Mr. John Cecil.

"How, dangerous?"

"Why, Colonel," said Mr. Cecil, as he wiped his head with a red bandana handkerchief, "don't you know that when the boys crack the nuts they'll be liable to burst the shells against the kernel?"

Mr. Cecil told Colonel Boody that he didn't go to Saratoga to dance and such frivolous enjoyment. "Oh, no!"

"What for, then, John?" asked Charley Wall.

"Why, I came especially to drink the healing waters as prepared by—by—by—"

"By Jerry, the handsome Grand Union bartender," put in Major Selover.

A suit for libel is pending.

WOOD.

An agricultural paper, discussing the fuel question, says that dry wood will go further than green. My Uncle Consider says that depends on where you keep it. He says that some of his green wood went three or four blocks in one night.

SARATOGA BETTING.

Some of the ladies here who go to the races are opposed to betting. But to keep up the interest they sometimes make mock bets of $10,000 and $20,000. Yesterday one of our most charming young ladies made a real bet of three cents on Longfellow with a well-known beau noted for his gallantry. Longfellow got a good start and won the race, and then the lady insisted on her three cents, but it looked so trivial that the gentleman didn't think it necessary to go to the office and get the picayune *three cents* to pay it. This morning the lady said before a laughing crowd:

"Mr. B., ain't you ashamed not to pay me those three cents? Now I want them. I always pay my bets."

"All right," replied the handsome gallant, and in a

few moments he returned with three exquisitely cut bottles of Caswell & Hazard's cologne. Placing them in a chair beside her, he remarked with a graceful bow:

"My dear Miss B., I am only too happy to pay my last bet—please accept, with my compliments, these three *scents*."

WICKED AND PROFANE.

An old bachelor, who hates women, said to-day that he didn't want to go to heaven.

"Why?" asked one of our round-dance Christians.

"Because it will be full of women—not a d—d man there," replied the wicked man.

He was like the old lady who was afraid to ride on the mail train because there were no females there.

MR. MARVIN'S BLUNDER.

Ex-Congressman Marvin, who is the "Warwick behind the throne" in the new United States Hotel, called on a carpenter yesterday and said:

"Mr. Thompson, we have a nice bar-room, and we want a handsome bar made. Who can make the best one?"

"Well, I-I-d-d-don't 'zackly know who could m-m-make a handsome b-bar*maid*," stammered Mr. Thompson.

"No, no. I want a nice, handsome *bar* made——"

"W-w-well, dang it! if you want a handsome bar-

maid, why don't you go over to T-T-Troy and get one?"

"No, no, no, man! I mean who made these I see all around town?"

"Great guns, Marvin! h-h-how the d-d-devil do I know who made all the b-b-barmaids around town? I d-d-don't know—and damn care who did," shrieked Mr. Thompson.

POOR BUT HONEST.

When I lectured in Cooperstown, they told me about an English joker who dined with Fennimore Cooper before he died in 1851. Cooper was then the most conspicuous man in the little town which nestles at the feet of a high mountain and reposes on the shores of Seneca Lake. One day, while Mr. Cooper was dining the Englishman, he poured out some native wine—wine from grapes raised in his own garden. Taking up a glass and looking through it with pride, Cooper remarked:

"Now, Mr. Stebbins, I call this good, honest wine."

"Yes, Mr. Cooper, I agree with you; it is honest wine—'poor but honest.'"

Mr. Cooper went on telling his Injun stories.

PRECISE STATEMENTS.

Mr. Carter, of the American Literary Bureau, which furnishes most of the lecturers in the United States, has been sued for saying that a certain lecturer "appeared on the platform half sober."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the indignant lecturer.

"Why, I meant precisely what I said, sir," replied Mr. Carter. "I said you were half sober. I'm an exact man, sir. I only saw half of you—the side towards me. I only spoke of that. I don't mean to insinuate that the other half wan't sober, too. Oh, no! But, sir, it would have been preposterous for me to say anything about the half which was out of sight. Wouldn't it, sir—me, a precise man?"

EARLY TO BED.

When a kind old father on Fifth avenue sailed for Europe, six weeks ago, he gave his engaged daughter permission to "sit up" with her beau, a young stock-broker, till a quarter of twelve every night. I guess when that fond father comes home and finds out that this young man has been "sitting up" and holding that fond daughter's hand till three o'clock every morning, under the impression that three is quarter of twelve—well, I guess that young fellow will think he is engaged to the daughter of a thrashing-machine.

PERSONAL MATTERS.

General Le Fevre, of Ohio, who was in twenty-six engagements and nineteen battles during the late war, has at last become engaged again. This is the first Saratoga engagement this season. The enemy's name is Miss Snow, and the General has been for several

days on the point of doing as General Burgoyne did eighty years ago—surrendering. At last he did it this morning. I knew there was something up, because this morning when I asked the young ladies why Miss Snow was like ice water, they all answered:

"Why, because she is good to lay fever."

The General said this morning, "I don't dance the lancers, but I should like to lance the dancers—especially the venerable Mr. Jarvis, of Boston, who keeps all the young ladies dancing the round dances, just because some Boston physician said dancing would cure his dyspepsia."

VERY PERSONAL.

Mr. Scattergood is the name of the minister who addressed the Round Lake camp-meeting people yesterday. The name is very appropriate for a minister, but there would be no end to its value in a shot-gun.

The Misses Money, of Cincinnati, are quite belles at Saratoga. They are named Miss Julia and Miss Sara. This is not the first time they've had ceremony at Saratoga.

Among a delegation of Chinamen at Saratoga are Ah Sin, Flir Ting, Drin King, Sle Ping, Che Ting, Ste Ling, Smo King, Danc Ing, Gamb Ling, and Dress Ing.

SMALL FEET.

THERE is an Englishman in Saratoga whose feet are so large that he rests easier standing up than lying down.

Mrs. Thompson says he objected to taking a walk yesterday on the ground that it was so damp.

"What difference does that make?" I asked.

"Oh, his feet are so large that so much of him is exposed to the damp earth that he takes cold."

"But suppose he is compelled to go out very rainy weather—what does he do?" I asked.

"Why, if he has to stay any great length of time he generally sits down on the grass and holds his feet up!'

LITTLE PERKINSISMS.

LEVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT.

One day Mr. Galbraith asked old Mr. Hathaway, of Canandaigua, if his habits were regular and uniform.

"Yes," said Mr. Hathaway, "they are very regular and very uniform, and a d—d many of 'em, too!"

"We consume annually whiskey and tobacco enough to pay for all the bread eaten in the United States."—George Bayard in Brooklyn *Argus*.

Well, who says you don't?

Last Saturday night was a drencher—a regular north-easter of a storm—and the theaters were empty. Dan Bryant had a large audience, but—they staid at home. Dan said they were like horses—checked by the rein.

Lloyd Aspinwall is like bell-metal—he's a Lloyd with *tin*.

Now the negroes in Kentucky village have got a school-house ghost. Should it be called the village *Blacks'-myth?*

"Muzzlin', Eli," said my Uncle Consider, "makes a dog safe, while muslin makes a young lady very dangerous; still, in hot weather, they both want muzzlin'!"

The stylish young lady, with hair *à la* Pompadour, won't allow anybody to *up braid* her but her hairdresser.

Sic Transit.—The sickest transit I know of is the Greenwich Elevated Railroad.

Capital Offense.—They are going to make it a capital offense for one man to elope with another man's wife in California. It always was a capital offense here, if the man's wife was pretty!

Self-Possession.—Donn Piatt owns a jackass.

"Well," said Speaker Blaine, "Col. Sanford of Brooklyn and I were traveling down South. The feed had been bad for a day or two, when one day at a railroad station we had a big plate of hash. Col. Sanford stuck his knife into it and looked at it kinder curiously, when the landlord remarked:

"'You needn't be afraid of that thar dish, stranger, 's longs bull pups is worth more'n hogs.'"

The Saratoga jail is so insecure, so totally unsafe, that the inmates are afraid to keep any jewelry about them for fear thieves at large will break through and

steal it. When a man is taken up there now, he sends his valuables to John Morrissey for safe keeping. So many diamonds and laces have been stolen out of the jail that President Mitchell says they have determined to paint and whitewash it, or do something to make it impregnable.

General Bachelor's Geyser Spring in Saratoga is still spouting. The water bursts from the bowels of the earth through solid rock eighty feet from the surface, and then flies about twenty feet in the air. A Frenchman—Baron St. Albe, from the Clarendon—went over to see the spring spout yesterday. As the volume of water burst into the air, he dropped his umbrella on the arm of a young lady, and raising both hands in the air, is said to have exclaimed:

"Eh! dis is ze grand spectakle! Suparbe! Magnifique! By gar, he bust up first-rate!"

A bore is a man who spends so much time talking about himself that you can't talk about yourself.

A young married lady says Poe's raven was drunk all the time it was croaking "never more, never more," on that bust of Pallas.

"How's that?" I asked.

"Why, Eli, it was a raven 'on a bust.'"

The same young lady insists that her husband is a living, personified poem—not epigram or riddle, but a cross-stick.

Mr. Jack Astor left Saratoga yesterday just before he wrote his name with a diamond on one of the French glass windows at the United States Hotel and Mr. Marvin came along and wrote under it:

"Whene'er I see a fellow's name
Written on the glass,
I know he owns a diamond,
And his father owns an ass."

They say "love is blind," but I know a lover in Jersey City who can see a good deal more beauty in his sweetheart than I can.

Chicago is the center of American civilization for liquor-saloons and bad sidewalks.

PLI PERKINS'S NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

FIFTH HEAVENUE HOTEL, 1 A. M., *Jan. 2th.*

I DON'T feel like writing to-day; my head aches. I made New Year's calls yesterday — made 125 calls. I finished them about twelve o'clock—an hour ago.

I had my call-list written off, and commenced at Sixteenth Street, and came down. My idea was to make 125 calls of five minutes each. This would take

These illustrations were drawn by Tom Nast, and cut from his *Comic Almanac* published by Harpers.

625 minutes, or ten hours. I think I did it. I worked hard. I was an intermittent perpetual motion. I did all any body *could* do. If any fellow says he made 126 calls, he—well, he is guilty of li-bel. I tried it. I made my 125th call with my eyes closed, and at my 126th I swooned on the hall-stairs. Nature was exhausted. Oh! but wasn't it fun! It is nothing to make calls after you have been at it a spell. The last twenty calls were made with one eye closed. I was actually taking a mental nap all the time. My tongue talked right straight ahead, from force of habit. Talking came as easy as ordinary respiration. All I had to do was to open my my mouth, and the same words tumbled out:

MAKES CALLS.

"Hap—new year Mis-Smitte!"

"Ah! Mr. Perkins, I'm delighted—"

"May you have man'-hap'returns—by—by!"

"But arn't you going to drink to—"

"Thank—spleasur (drank); may you live (hic) thousand years. By—by" (sliding into the hall and down front steps).

"FIRST CALL."

I started at noon. Made first call on young lady.

She said, "You have many calls to make. Won't you fortify yourself with a little sherry?"

I said I (hic) would, and drank small glass.

Called next on married lady on Fifth Heavenue.

She said, "Let's drink to William—you know Will is off making calls on the girls."

"All right, Mrs. Mason;" then we drank some nice old Port to absent William.

On Forty-ninth Street met a sainted Virginia mother, who had some real old Virginia egg-nog.

Very nice Southern egg-nog. Abused the Yankees, and drank two glasses with Virginia mother.

On Forty-sixth Street met a lady who had some nice California wine. Tried it. Then went across the street with Democratic friend to say New Year's and get some of old Skinner's 1836 brandy. Got it. Mrs. Skinner wanted us to drink to Skinner. Drank to Skinner, and ate lobster salad.

"DRANK TO CHILDREN."

Met a friend, who said,

"Let's run in and (hic) see Coe, the temperance man."

Coe said,

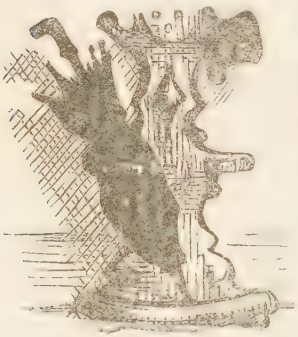
"Ah, happy time! Let's drink to my wife."

Drank bottle of champagne to Mrs. Coe—then drank to children.

Drove round to Miss Thompson's on Fifth Heavenue. Thompson's famous for rum punch. Tried two glasses with Miss Thompson. Very happy. House looked lovely. Ate brandy peaches. Good many lights. Pretty girls quite num'rous. Drank their health Drank claret. Then drank Roman punch. Went out, leaving a Dunlap hat for a Knox, and a twelve-dollar umbrella in the hat rack.

Happy thought! Took Charley Brown in the carriage with driver, and got on outside with myself.

Charley said, "Let's drop in on the Madison Heavenue Masons." "All right." Dropped in.



THE UMBRELLA AND HAT.

"LEFT OVERCOAT."

Miss Mason says, "Have some nice old Madeira?" Said, "Yes, Miss Mas'n, will have some, my dearie." Drank to Mrs. Mason, and ate boned turkey to young ladies. Young ladies dressed beau'fully—hair, court train, and shoes *à la Pompadour*. Left overcoat and umbrella, and changed high hat for fur cap. Saw a

span of horses in a carriage drawn by Charley King. Charley was tightually slight. Said he'd been in to Lee's, eating boned sherry and drinking pale turkey.

SAW THIS.

Now all called on the Lambs on Thirty-fourth Heavenue. Old Lamb was round. "Lam's Champ's very good," says Charley. Also drank brandy peaches here, and ate more pony brandy. Young ladies beau'ful — high-heeled dress and shoes cut *décolleté*. Great many of them. Nice Roman punch with monogram on it. Had fried sandwich with brandy on it. Presented large bouquet in corner to Mrs. Lamb. Ex-

"SLID DOWN."

changed hat for card-basket, and slid down front banisters.

"CARD-BASKET."

"CALLED BETWEEN CALLS."

Called on Vanderbilt. Hang (hic) Vanderbilt! Vanderbilt didn't rec'v calls. Carried off card basket and hung Charley's hat on bell-knob. Used Van's cards to make other calls with. Kept calling. Called steady. Called between calls. Drank more. Drank every where. Young ladies more beau'ful. Wanted us to come back to party in the evening. Came back. Grand party. Gilmore furnished by music. Drank more lobster salad. Drank half a glass of silk dress, and poured rest on skirt of Miss Smith's champagne in corner. Slumped plate gas-light green silk down on to nice ice-cream. Dresses wore white tarletan young ladies cut swallow tail. Sat on young lady's hand and held stairs. Very (hic) happy. Fellows had been drinkin'.

11 P. M. Left party. Carriage outside wanted me

to get into Fred Young and prom'nade over to the Stewarts. Roman punch had been drinking Fred. He invited 8 other horses to get into the fellows and ride around to Stewarts. Stewart tight and house closed up. Left pocket-book in card-basket outside, and hung watch and chain on bell-knob.

"DRANK MORE LOBSTER SALAD."

"CUT SWALLOW TAIL."

Called on the Fergisons. All up. Had old Burgundy. Fergison's a brick. Took sherry. Beau'ful young lady dressed in blue Roman punch. Opened bottle of white *gros grain* trimmed with Westchester county lace. Drank it up. Fellows getting more tete-uly slight. Drank *Pompadour* rum with young lady dressed *à la Jamaica*. Hadn't strength to refuse. Drank hap' New Year fifteen times—then got into Fifth Heavenue Hotel, and told the driver to drive round to the carriage. Came up to letter, and wrote this room for the *Daily Combination*. Pulled coat

"WANTED ME TO GET INTO FRED.

"LEFT OUTSIDE."

off with the boot-jack, and stood self up by the register to dry. Then wrote (hic)——wrote more——(hic).

U—LI PIRK(hic)INS.

HOW ELI PERKINS LECTURED IN POTTSVILLE.

(*From an Article written by Mark Twain for Harper's Magazine.*)

THE Pottsvillians resolved to have a course of lectures last winter. Every town—that is, every town that pretends to be any town at all nowadays—must branch out in a course of lectures in the winter. So the chief citizens of Pottsville got together last Fall and decided that they would have a course of six lectures. They also voted that they would have a course of lectures that would, to use a Pottsville expression, knock the spots off of any course of lectures ever delivered in Pottsville. Then they wrote to the American Literary Bureau at the Cooper Institute to send them six lecturers, at $100 each. One man for theology, one for brass-band rhetoric, one for oratory, one poet, one reader, and one humorist. The Bureau finally made selections as follows:

Theology,	ELI PERKINS,	$100
Oratory,	DANIEL O'CONNEL,	100
Rhetorician,	JOSH BILLINGS,	100
Humorist,	WENDELL PHILLIPS,	100
Poet,	EDGAR A. POE,	100
Reader,	CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY,	100
		$600

As soon as it was known in Pottsville that Mr. Perkins was selected to open the course, the committee addressed him a note telling him that he was engaged in Pottsville, and asked a speedy reply.

Mr. Perkins replied as follows:

"At large in Illinois, *Dec.* 1.

"Milo Hunt,

"*Chairman Lecture Committee*,

"Pottsville,

"*Dear Sir:*

"Yours informing me that I am engaged in Pottsville is received. Very well; if she is young and wealthy I will keep the engagement. In fact, young or old I'll keep the engagement at all hazards—or rather at Pottsville. Have no fears about my being detained by accidents. I have never yet failed to be present when I lectured. Everything seems to impel me to keep this engagement. Everywhere here in Illinois the people follow me around in great crowds and enthusiastically invite me to go away. Illinois railroad presidents say they will cheerfully supply me with free passage on the trains rather than have me remain in the State another night; and almost every railroad president in Ohio and Pennsylvania, including Mr. Tom Scott, has supplied me with perpetual free passes—hoping I may be killed on the trains.

"So I'll be with you dead or alive. If I am dead, please have it fixed so that holders of reserved seats

will be entitled to a front seat at the funeral, where they can sit and enjoy themselves the same as at the lecture.

"You ask me about my fee. It is usually $99.50 per night. If your Association feels poor, I don't mind throwing in the ninety-nine dollars, but I have a little professional pride about sticking to the fifty cents.

"The lecture will commence at eight o'clock sharp, and continue an hour or more, or until some body requests the distinguished orator to stop.

"You ask me to inclose some of my opinions of the press to be used in advertising my lecture. I am sorry to say that my opinions of the press are not very flattering. In fact, I have the worst opinions of the press of any one I know of. I cannot help it. I know them well, and they are a bad, wicked set, those press fellows are. I belong to the press myself, and you must excuse me for not sending you my opinions of them. They wouldn't like it.

"Mrs. Perkins sends her regards, with the hope that Heaven will continue to protect you as it has her.

"From your friend,

"Eli Perkins."

This letter was read before the Lecture Committee, causing much enthusiasm. Pottsville was immediately placarded with large posters announc-

ing the coming of the distinguished lecturer. One placard read thus:

CITIZENS, RALLY!

Whereas, that notorious humorist,

ELI PERKINS,

has been infesting the Western States and depopulating her large cities, and now threatens to

LECTURE

our unfortunate citizens at the

Pottsville Baptist Church, Jan. 3d,

unless he is paid a large sum of money to desist; therefore, all patriotic citizens are called upon to

RALLY

at the Baptist Church that same evening, Jan. 3d, and hold an indignation

MEETING

to protest against this impending calamity.

By order of

LECTURE COMMITTEE.

Tickets to indignation meeting, 50 cts.

These handbills caused great excitement in Pottsville Everybody was on tip-toe to see and hear the distinguished lecturer. On the day of his expected

arrival great crowds of people thronged the depot, hoping to catch a glimpse of the distinguished visitor.

At length he came, but in such a quiet, modest manner that no one saw him. While great crowds of Pottsvillians were watching the train with strained eyes Mr. Perkins quietly slipped out of the emigrant car, with his umbrella in one hand and carpet bag in the other, walked up to the Pottsville House, and sat down in the billiard room.

The arrival of the distinguished stranger was thus announced by Col. Ramsey in the *Miner's Journal*, next morning:

Distinguished Arrival.—A remarkable old gentleman with German silver spectacles, long drab overcoat, and a Greeley looking carpet-bag, arrived at the Pottsville House yesterday from the Pittsburgh train. The old man wabbled up to the counter, took off his old slouch hat, solemnly shook hands with Mr. Jerry Griffith, wiped his bald head with an old red bandana handkerchief, looked over his glasses, and wrote,

Consider Perkins (at large).
Eli Perkins, his nevvy, do.

"Have a room, Mr. Perkins?" asked Mr. Griffith, as he pressed the blotter over the old man's name.

"O no, thank ye, lan'lord."

"Have supper, sir?"

"No, I guess not. Eli, my nevvy, and I, speak——'

"But let me take your carpet bag, Mr. Perkins,' interrupted Mr. Griffith.

"No, I'm obleeged ter you, lan'lord—Eli and I ——'

"Well, goodness gracious, old man! what can I do for you? What ——"

"O, nothin' 'tall, lan'lord. We jes thought we'd like to A-R-R-I-V-E here, that's all. We've been knockin' 'round through Pennsylvania right smart, an' it's a good while since we've 'rived at a hotel, an' I thought I'd like to 'rive here with my Eli to-night. You see, lan'lord, my nevvy is an edicated young man, an' he's goin' to lectur the edicated classes here in Pottsville to-night, an we want to jes sit 'round the halls here an' wait till the time comes; that's all."

Our reporter called on Mr. Perkins early this morning and found him engaged in writing his great lecture on a backgammon board in the billiard-room.

"Have you any press notices of your coming lecture, Mr. Perkins—something to republish in the *Journal*?" asked our reporter.

"Press notices, young man!" said Mr. Perkins, "Why, yes, bushels of 'em. I've done nothing but write press notices for the last month. I——"

"What! you don't write your own press notices, do you, Mr. Perkins?"

"Sartainly, young man, sartainly," replied Uncle Consider, as he fished files of the *Congressional Globe*, Chicago *Times*, and other newspapers out of his overcoat pocket. "Look a here! See what the Chicago *Times* says!" and the old man put on his glasses and read as follows:

When "Eli Perkins" delivered his great lecture in the Illinois House of Reprehensibles, there was a great rush—hundreds of people left the building, and they said if he had repeated it the next night they would have—left the City.—*Chicago Times.*

"That's complimentary, Mr. Perkins," replied our reporter. "Have you got any more?"

"Bushels of 'em, sir—b-u-s-h-e-l-s. Let me read you this from the *Yale College Currant*," and the old man continued to read:

It is proper to say that Mr. Perkins delivered his great lecture before the faculties of Yale, Vassar, and Harvard Colleges—ever heard anything about him.—*Yale College Courant.*

"Very complimentary, Mr. Perkins," observed our reporter enthusiastically. "Have you other criticisms?"

"Bushels of 'em, young man, wagon loads. Want to hear what the *Christian Union* says about Eli's great lectur?"

"You don't say the *Christian Union* compliments him do you?"

"Sartenly. Let me show you," and Uncle Consider put his finger on this paragraph and handed it to our reporter:

We never, but once, experienced more real, genuine pleasure than when this eloquent man, Mr. Perkins, closed his remarks. That occasion was when we won the affections of a beautiful young lady, and gained a mother-in-law—and then saw that mother-in-law SWEETLY AND SERENELY PASS AWAY.

"Beautiful criticisms! beautiful," exclaimed our reporter, grasping the old man by the hand.

"If you call that beautiful, young man, just hear what Henry Ward Beecher says about Eli."

"Does Henry indorse him, too?" asked our reporter.

"Indorse him! I guess he does. Just listen now and hear what Henry wrote to *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times:*

"Words cannot describe the impressive sight." (*That's the way Henry commences. Then he goes on.*) How sublime to see Mr. Perkins standing there perfectly erect, with one hand on his broad, massive, thick skull, talking to the educated classes—to see the great orator declaiming, perfectly unmoved, while streams of people got up and went out! How grand a spectacle, as joke after joke fell from the eloquent lips of this Cicero of orators, to watch the enthusiastic crowds arising majestically like one man, and waving their hands as they clamorously demanded their money back at the box-office.

"And Henry wrote that, Mr. Perkins?"

"Sartinly; and just listen to what De Witt C. Talmage says! Listen——"

"No; I hear enough! Let me go!" exclaimed our reporter, and he fled back to the *Journal* office.

The reserved seat tickets to the great lecture read as follows:

"ELI PERKINS" (AT LARGE):

HIS TALK ABOUT SARATOGA,

AND WHAT HIS COUSIN JULIA, UNCLE CONSIDER, AND HIS FRIENDS THE EDITORS, DOCTORS AND LAWYERS SAID AND DID THERE.

"MR. PERKINS" distributes a $17.00 Chromo to all who remain to the end of the Lecture.

Parties of six who sit the Lecture out will be given
A HOUSE AND LOT.

Tickets admitting a Man and Wife (his own Wife) to Reserved Seats, $1.00. Single Men admitted for 75 Cents.

ADMIT ONE.

POTTSVILLE OPERA HOUSE, *Jan. 3d.*

PLEASE DON'T TURN OVER.

It was noticeable at the lecture in the evening that many people came especially to get the chromos. One party of six slept entirely through the lecture, awaking

just in time to claim the house and lot. The house and lot was a smoke house and a lot of ashes.

ELDER CLEVELAND.

At eight o'clock the great orator stepped upon the platform accompanied by Elder Cleveland, who officiated on the Sabbath from the same desk. The church was crowded. After the applause had somewhat subsided, Brother Cleveland arose and said:

"Brothers and Sisters—I have the pleasure of introducing to you to-night Brother Perkins, from New York. I am told that he is to deliver a humorous lecture, but I wish you all to bear in mind that this is the house of God."

As Elder Cleveland finished, Mr. Perkins stepped forward, pulled off his audience, and, bowing to his overcoat, said:

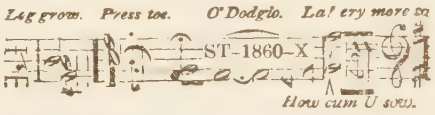
ELI PERKINS,

Melville D. Landon.

I used to object to being introduced to strangers; and for hundreds and hundreds of years, I never permitted myself to be introduced to anybody—till I got well acquainted with them. (*Laughter.*)

I suppose, my

friends, that I ought to tell you how I came to deliver this lecture. Well, it was this way: I was riding in the cars the other day with an old Granger who lives just over the Pennsylvania line in Ohio. As we rode along, I looked out of the car window and whistled one of my favorite tunes like this:



"Did you make up that tune?" inquired the Granger.

"Yes, sir," I replied. I do that kind of thing all the time. My name is Perkins. I'm——"

"What! Eli Perkins?"

"Yes, sir."

"The man who lectures?"

"Yes, sir; I'm going to Marietta now."

"Going to marry who?"

"I mean I'm going to Mari—etta."

"Yes, I heard you say so. Nice girl—rich, I 'spect, too, ain't she?"

"No, sir; you don't understand me. I'm going to lecture at Marietta. I'm——"

"Then you really do lecture, do you?" continued the Granger.

"Why, of course I do."

"Been lecturing much in Ohio?"

"Yes—a good many nights."

"Well, now, Mr. Perkins," said the Granger, as he dropped his voice to a confidential whisper, "why

don't you lecture over in Pennsylvania? We just hate Pennsylvania, we do!"

The whole audience were now in tears, one above the other, and continued so while Mr. Perkins spoke for an hour as follows:

* * * *
* Glorious * Constitution *
* forefathers * Bunker Hill *
* Gen. Washington * Stars and Stripes *
* Beautiful woman— * liberty forever *
* * * *

The great orator concluded his lecture by saying: "The wealthy young ladies in this audience will now have an opportunity of taking the lecturer by the hand." No one in the vast audience moved toward the speaker. But when he remarked, "The lecturer will now be pleased to shake hands with all young ladies under twenty years of age," there was a great rush for the speaker's platform. For over an hour Mr. Perkins shook hands with long rows of young ladies—all under twenty years of age. Then putting his hundred dollars in his pocket the great orator took the train for Philadelphia.

SCARING A CONNECTICUT FARMER.

The Hon. Charles Backus, of the San Francisco minstrels, was once censured by the Speaker of the California Legislature for making fun of his brother members. This broke poor Charley's heart, and he joined a minstrel company, so's to be where no one would grumble when he indulged in a little pleasantry.

The other day, Mr. Backus rode up through Stamford, Conn., with Mr. Lem Read, the bosom friend of the lamented minstrel, Dan Bryant. As the train stopped before the Stamford station for water, Mr. Backus saw a good old red-faced Connecticut farmer sitting in the station reading the Brooklyn scandal.

"Do you want to see me get a good joke on that old duffer, Lem?" asked Mr. Backus, pointing to the old farmer.

"Yes," said Lem; "le's see you."

"Well, you wait till jes' before the train starts, Lem, and I'll show you fun—fun till you can't rest. Jes' you wait," said Charley, laughing and pounding the palm of his left hand with his ponderous right.

"All right, I'll wait," said Lem.

When the train came to a full stop, Mr. Backus jumped off, telling his friend Lem to save his seat, "for," said he, "as soon as the bell rings I want to bound back on the train."

Then Mr. Backus rushed up to the innocent farmer,

snatched the paper from his hands, stamped on it with a tragic stamp, and shaking his clenched fist in the poor man's face, exclaimed,

"O, you old rascal! I've found you 't last, you miserable old scapegrace—now I'm goin' to lick the life out of you—you contemptible old scoundrel, you—you——"

Ding-a-ding! ding-a-dong! ding-a-ding! went the bell, drowning Charley's voice, and the train began moving out.

"Yes, *I'll* lick you," said Charley. "I'll get an ox whip and——"

And then he jumped back from the astonished farmer and got on the last car of the train moving out.

The old farmer *was* astonished. He stood up bewildered. His knees quaked and his German silver glasses fell on the floor. Then gathering himself together, he picked up his newspaper and glasses and started for the train.

"Whar's the man who wanted to lick me?" he shouted. "Whar's the man who called me a scoundrel? Whar's——"

"Here he is," said Charley from the rear platform, as he held his thumb derisively to his nose amid the laughter of the passengers. "Here I am, sir—I'm your Roman—take me——"

Just then the bell went ding-a-ding again, and what do you think? Why, the train backed back! It backed poor Charley right into the hands of the infuriated farmer, who took off his coat and went for that poor fun-loving minstrel. Expressed by the types, if

I am compelled to write it, he went for that poor minstrel about thus:

St. box8DVcccKCL!

"You want to lick me, do you?" said the farmer, jumping onto the platform, while Charley ran through the car. "You miserable dandy! You want to——"

And then he chased that poor minstrel through the cars with his cane in the air, while his big fist came down on his back like a trip-hammer. "You've found me, have you? Yes, I guess you have!" said the old farmer, as Charley left his hat and one coat-sleeve in his infuriated grasp. "Evidently you have."

"I GUESS YOU HAVE FOUND ME!"

Mr. Backus said, as he washed off the blood with Enoch Morgan's Sapolio, and went in to interview a tailor in New Haven two hours afterwards,

"I guess the next time I want to make Lem Read laugh I won't try to scare a Connecticut farmer. Oh no! I'll get some pugilist to fan me with an Indian club, or go and sleep under a pile driver. You hear me!"

ELI PERKINS AS A BALLOONATIC.

HIS TRIP IN THE TRANSATLANTIC BALLOON.

Mr. Perkins, having been invited while at Saratoga to return to New York and take passage in the great transatlantic balloon with the other journalists, replied as follows to the proprietor of the newspaper, who also owned the balloon:

Saratoga, *July* 4.

Gentlemen: I received your note this morning, inviting me to go up in the balloon. You say you desire me to go as the representative of the *Daily Bugle*—to be the official historian of the first great aerial voyage across the Atlantic. You also say:

"While your going, Mr. Perkins, might not contribute any great principle to science, and while we have nothing against you personally, still, your departure would gratify the American people, and you would be enabled to carry out that beautiful theory of moral philosophy—'the greatest good to the greatest number.'"

I thank you, gentlemen, for your flattering invitation, which I herein accept. I don't know what I have done, or why you single me out and invite me to go away, unless it is your desire to lift me up and improve my condition. However, I will make positive arrangements to go in your balloon any time after the 20th of August. I have consulted with many of my friends here, and they all advise me to go. Of course it makes them feel sad, but they are glad to make the sacrifice

—glad to contribute the life of one they love so well to the cause of science. My uncle Consider says the sadness of my fixed departure would be somewhat alleviated if he could only be assured that I would never return.

"Sunset" Cox says I have the proper specific levity—that I am light-hearted and light-headed, and am just the person to go—just the one to give earliest news of sunsets, falling stars, and aurora-borealicusses and other astronomical phenomena.

You ask me what I desire to take as luggage, offering me any space which I may desire. First of all, I should like to take several Saratoga young ladies. They like to take up a good deal of room, but I assure you they are very light. They are anything but solid young ladies. Then, as we drift into new celestial worlds, it is well to display the judgment of Noah in looking out for the species. I don't think Noah would have taken Mr. Sumner or A. T. Stewart. Mr. Vanderbilt or Mr. Saxe or General Nye would do far better. I do object to Mr. Sam Cox, who has proved himself of no particular value in establishing a new population. In case the balloon is too heavy, the young ladies are willing to be thrown out as ballast. It is thought that they would float away very gracefully—as Virgil says:

"Sic itur ad astra."

Twelve young ladies here to-day, with Worth dresses, Colgate's perfumery, and pearl powder, only weigh 98 pounds.

I should like also to take my horse and Brewster

dog-cart. We may land miles from any street cars and out of the sight of any omnibus; besides, it will be nicer to drive into town in style any way.

Here is a list of other luggage which I desire to take either as baggage, ballast, or company, or to make into gas:

Names.	*To be used for.*	*Weight.*
G. F. Train, ...	for pure wind, ...	190 lbs.
Schuyler Colfax, . . .	for hydrogen gas, . . .	10 lbs.
4 *Congressional Globes*, .	for dead weight, . . .	479,628 tons.
200 doz. champagne, . .	for water, ...	41 lbs.
$9,000	for curiosity, ...	76 lbs.
12 cows, ...	for company, ...	3,983 lbs.
8 barrels water, . . .	for scrubbing floor, . . .	310 lbs.
Hair, paint, cotton, . .	for young ladies, ...	988,231 lbs.
19 carrier pigeons, . .	for pigeon pie, ...	41 lbs.
12 lbs. butter.	for greasing dogcart, . . .	9 lbs.
Total, ...	. . . . .	$32,491

I should also like to take up a watch dog and double-barreled shot-gun, to be used in case Mr. Wise and I disagree about the meals served at table, or to prevent my being called too early in the morning. My theory to ascend about two miles, and then go straight across to Buckingham Palace, and put up with Mr. Buckingham one night, and then go on to Canton. In case I consider it dangerous or disagreeable to ride in the air, I shall instruct Mr. Wise and the boys to strap the balloon to the deck of a steamer, or lace it tight, if the ladies did not object, to a train of cars. Borne along at the rate of twenty miles an hour on a freight car, Mr. Wise could have ample opportunity to make his experiments with air currents and toll-gates and things I

really believe that the safest way to do is to all get in the balloon, put it on a clipper ship, and let the wind blow us anywhere except over large islands or continents.

If everything is satisfactory, and you will send me a few thousand dollars to buy champagne and cigars and breastpins and a loaf or two of bread—an absolute necessity, you know, when you are going to travel—if you will do all this, why, I'll take your money now, and saying, "May heaven bless your great enterprise," put it in my pocket, where you will always know where it is.

Yours warmly, ELI PERKINS.

THE TRIP.

NOTWITHSTANDING the famous balloon burst, and Wise and Donaldson got into a bitter personal quarrel, the former withdrawing from the expedition, "Eli Perkins" continued to make the trip, sending back the following carrier pigeon dispatches:

[*To the Editor of the Daily Bugle.*]

I send you this by the carrier-pigeon Ariel. The balloon is sailing well. The collapse was a ruse. We "busted" her last night to get the people out of the yard. Then Mr. Donaldson and myself inflated her again with gas which we had with us, and sailed away at eight P.M. According to the barometer we are now suspended in mid-heavens at 968 east latitude and 8 degrees ante-meridian. We passed San Domingo thirty-seven miles east of the planet Vesuvius at eleven o'clock

M.D. this forenoon. I am navigating the balloon alone, and Donaldson and Lunt are feasting on the pigeons and shooting at each other with pistols. Wise sits in the stern of the boat with a navy revolver, and Donaldson sits in the bow with a shot-gun loaded to the muzzle with peas and billiard-balls. It is very amusing and instructive. If I hadn't gone along to act as mediator and navigator, I think science would have suffered.

This morning at three o'clock and ninety-four minutes N.B., while we were sailing along over Cape Cod, Mr. Wise came up to my room, rang the bell, and wanted to know whose side I was on.

"On the side of science," sez I, "of course."

"No, no! Mr. Perkins," he said in great agitation, "I mean on which side are you in the great fight?" Then he cocked his gun.

I told him I wasn't on any side. I also stated to him that I was a peace man—that I came in the balloon purely for science.

"Then, Mr. Perkins," he said, looking at his gun, "I propose to kill you. You and Donaldson are mutineers. I will give you four minutes to join my side."

Then I joined his side, just to please him, and he gave me two navy revolvers to defend ourselves against Mr. Donaldson, who was turning hand-springs and cart-wheels on the deck in the most threatening manner.

A little later, and Mr. Donaldson pointed his shot-gun at me and whispered in my ear. He said, "Mr. Perkins, I will give you $11 if you will join *my* side." I took the money and joined. Then we pointed our

shot-guns and revolvers directly at Mr. Wise's legs, and told him to keep quiet.

A little later—about nine s.c.—Mr. Wise offered me $27 to abandon Mr. Donaldson and come over to him. I took the money, and saying, "It is all for science," I came over to him. Then we aimed our revolvers at Donaldson.

So I've been going back and forth all night. I have made large sums of money, and put it in the rear end of my dog-cart, where I can drive off with it as soon as we land. I suppose I have made $19,000 within the last hour in breaking up the balance of power between the balloonatics.

It is very cold here. There is great coldness between Mr. Wise and Donaldson, and there is where I am—between them. The theory that Mr. Wise ever had a warm heart is completely exploded when you see the icicles hanging on the end of his nose and on his cold shoulder, which he keeps towards us.

We have now gone up to a great altitude, say 230 miles. We can easily see people on the moon. We have discovered that the specks on the sun are made of German silver. The milky way is only a dense fog, with droves of mosquitoes that have got lost from New Jersey. The light young ladies from Saratoga, whom we took in for ballast, have all been thrown out. They astonished us by going on up higher than the balloon. Several have sailed off towards Mars—latitude east of New Jersey and longitude 90 deg. Fahrenheit. I computed it.

At four o'clock M.D. we passed General Butler. He

found the easterly currant, and stole it and ate it up before we arrived. He is now looking for prunes and dates. About this time we met with an accident. Our silverware disappeared. We are now roasting the pigeons over a kerosene lamp and eating them with our fingers. We have passed Australia and Harlem and Peoria (Ill.). We may make a landing at Newgate to see friends. Don't look for our return to-day.

SECOND CARRIER-PIGEON DESPATCH.

10 o'clock D.D.—She moves lovely. A heavy swell just struck the balloon. We immediately threw him overboard. Our chaplain has just struck for higher wages. His wages are four miles high now, and still he is not satisfied. He struck with his left hand. He wants to organize a base-ball club. He is not a proper man for a scientific expedition. We shall throw him out.

THIRD DESPATCH.

11 o'clock, F.R.S.—Have thrown the chaplain and Wise out. They have done nothing but eat the pigeons and drink the water which we brought up to scrub the floor with. Our carriage horses are doing well, and the twelve cows we brought up for company are improving rapidly. Hay and oats are cheap, but going up. This morning I called the police and had Mr. Donaldson arrested for standing on his head on the top of the balloon. He is now in irons. I'm sorry for it, for he appears to take quite an interest in our great scheme. I don't think Mr. Wise does.

He spends all his time wiping out his gun and hunting around for Mr. Donaldson.

FOURTH DESPATCH.

12 o'clock post-mortem.—England in sight. We can tell it by the fog. We shall return in about a week. Mr. Donaldson says he shall take this same gas back to America and exchange it for Congressional gas from the House of Reprehensibles, which he proposes to put in a solid cast-iron balloon to be propelled by a canal-boat. This is one of Mr. Wise's theories. It is growing very cold here. My hands are frozen. Send me some money ($) by the pigeon. Also, borrow a Testament from some of the daily newspapers in New York, if they have one, and send it along. We shall stop with Mr. Windsor, of Windsor's Palace, to-morrow night—latitude west 128 Troy weight, and longitude north from Pittsburgh, 4, 11, 44. THE DAILY BUGLE comes regularly. Adieu!

Warmly yours, ELI PERKINS, Airiant.

THE SHREWD MAN.

MR. STOUT.

Mr. Andrew V. Stout, the President of the Shoe and Leather Bank, is a shrewd man—not, as Joey Bagstock would say, "a dev'lish sly man," but a keen, shrewd financier and business man.

A few mornings since, when Mr. Stout was coming down in the Broadway cars, he sat in such confidential proximity to a sympathizing pickpocket that the latter was tempted into the acceptance of Mr. Stout's pocket-book, containing valuable papers and $150 in greenbacks. Then the pickpocket said good morning to Mr. Stout, and left. On arriving at the bank, Mr. Stout discovered his loss. He was astonished that he, a shrewd old New Yorker, should have his pocket picked.

"Pshaw!" he said to his secretary, "no man could ever pick my pocket, I am too smart for that. No, sir. I should just like to see any one pick my pocket, I should!"

Then Mr. Stout's lip curled in contemptuous scorn at the bare idea of such a silly improbability.

But the pocket-book, with the money and valuable papers, was gone, and the next day Mr. Stout advertised in the *Herald*. He said if the person who took his pocket-book would return the papers, he would give him the money and $25 besides.

The next morning he got a confidential note from a party who said a friend of his had the pocket-book all safe, and that he would call at the bank the next day to arrange the matter.

"I wonder if this man really will call?" mused the banker as he wiped his eye-glasses and cut off a basketful of coupons. "I wonder if he will be such a darned fool as that? But then you can't expect common men to be as shrewd as bank presidents."

But sure enough the next day the man was at his post.

"Well, what about the pocket-book?" asked Mr. Stout.

"Oh, it's all safe, Mr. Stout, and if you'll just go with me a few blocks I'll show you the party who has your pocket-book, with all the memoranda too. It's all safe, Mr. Stout. Come!"

The stranger had such an honest look that the banker, who always prides himself on his knowledge of men, "took stock in him" at once.

"All right, my good man, let me get some money to pay you for your trouble, and I'll be with you," said Mr. Stout, looking at his four-hundred-dollar watch.

In a few moments they started off together—Mr.

Stout and his honest friend, for a Centre Street restaurant, where the thief or finder was supposed to be.

"YOU JUST WAIT OUTSIDE A MOMENT, MR. STOUT."

"Now, you just wait outside in the front room a moment, Mr. Stout, and I'll go into the back room and see the man who has the money and valuable papers," said the good man as he went into the back room.

In a moment Mr. Stout's friend returned with the message that his friend wouldn't give up the valuable papers in the pocket-book for $25. "He wants $50 now, sir."

"But I only advertised to give $25 for the papers," said Mr. Stout, with an eye to business. "This is an extortion."

HIS GENTLEMAN FRIEND.

"Well," said the kindly-looking stranger, "I'll go back and reason with the gentleman, and try and get the papers for $25." And he disappeared in the back room again.

In a moment he returned, smiling.

"Well, Mr. Stout," he said, "my friend will take $25, but he wants the money before he gives up the pocket-book."

"All right," said Mr. Stout, blandly, "here is $25. Take it to him, my good man, take it to him, and bring back the papers—quick!"

"One word, Mr. Stout," said the man, confidentially, "this thing, you know, is to be strictly between ourselves."

"Yes, yes; I've said it."

"And you will never ask any questions, tell anything, or seek further knowledge, will you?"

"No, never, I give you my word, as President of the Shoe and Leather Bank, my good man, not to say anything about it, not a single syllable—not even to my wife."

"All right, then—mum is the word," said Mr. Stout's friend, as he put his finger to his lips and passed into the back room with the money.

Mr. Stout waited patiently for his return—waited five, ten, fifteen minutes, but alas! his friend never came back, and the shrewd President returned to the bank, a sad and a ruined man. He says his friend is welcome to the $25, but he told Daniel Drew that he wouldn't have the story get into print or around among his friends for $10,000.

"No, sir, it wouldn't be fair; Daniel, would it?" said Mr. Stout, "when I promised—solemnly promised the man when I gave him the $25 never to mention the matter—not even to my wife."

LOST CHILDREN IN NEW YORK.

LOST IN THE PARK.

"Lost child!"

That used to be the cry along the street, but now, though there are a dozen children lost every day in New York, the thing is so systematized that it is impossible for a child to be lost for any length of time. The only thing is to know what to do to find it, and if you read three minutes longer, you will know all about it.

"How can we find a lost child?"

The first thing you must do after the child is lost is to go to the Police Headquarters on Mulberry street, near Houston. Away up in the fifth story of that marble-front building are three rooms labeled

"LOST CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT."

This Lost Child's Department was established [illegible]

Here you will see a dozen cozy cribs, cradles, and beds for the little lost children and foundlings of the city. Yes, and sometimes for old men and women, too, lost in their second childhood.

At the head of this department you will see the middle-aged matron, Mrs. Ewing—a bright, systematic American woman.

"How do the lost children get here?"

First they are picked up by kind-hearted policemen and taken to their respective station-houses. There they are kept until seven P.M. Then the Sergeant of Police sends them with a ticket to Mrs. Ewing, at Police Headquarters.

"What does Mrs. Ewing do with them?"

She first enters the child's name on the book, gives it a number, then writes its sex, age, color, by whom found, where found, precinct sent from, and time received. Then, after the child is gone, she writes after its name how long it stayed, and what became of it.

"What becomes of the children sent here?"

Every effort is made to find out where the child lives, who its parents are, the father's profession, etc.; and if, at the end of three days, nothing is heard from its parents or friends, it is sent to George Kellock, No. 66 Third avenue, Superintendent of the "Out-Door Poor" for the Department of Public Charities and Correction.

"What then?"

Here, in the Charity and Correction building, are some nice rooms kept by a good woman by the name of Tamey, and the children are cared for till the old

nurse named "Charity" takes them in a carriage to the foot of Twenty-sixth street and the East River, and accompanies them on the boat to the Foundling Hospital on Randall's Island, where they stay at school till they are claimed, bound out, or become old enough to support themselves.

We have now followed the lost child from the time when first lost, through the local station-house, police headquarters, Mr. Kellock's office, and to Randall's Island.

LOST BABIES.

Now we will return to the Police Headquarters and hear what Mrs. Ewing says about the babies.

"How many children are lost per month?" I asked of the matron.

"I had eight yesterday. From 400 to 500 pass through our hands every month in summer, but in winter not so many. Then, sometimes, we have old people too."

"Do you have many old people?"

"No, only a few. Yesterday the police brought in a nice old lady with white hair, who seemed to be all in confusion. The sight of the police had frightened her," continued the matron, "but as soon as I got her in here, I gave her a nice cup of tea, and commenced to find out where she lived.

"'Who do you live with, grandma?' I asked, for she was eighty years old.

"She said she lived No. 700, but she didn't know the street. Then pretty soon she seemed to gain con-

fidence in me, and she took out a big roll of bank bills and a Third Avenue Savings Bank book.

"'See,' said the old lady, confidentially, 'I went to get this and I got confused when I came out. I live on the same street with the bank.'

"And sure enough," said the matron, "when we looked in the directory there we found her daughter's residence, No. 700 Third avenue. When the police took the old lady home the daughter was half crazy for fear her mother had been robbed."

"Do you have a good deal of trouble in finding out the residences of children?"

"Not very often. But sometimes the children stray across the ferries from Jersey City and Brooklyn; and then there are so many streets in Brooklyn and Jersey named after our streets that we are sorely puzzled.

"The other day, to illustrate, a pretty little German girl was picked up down towards Fulton street. The only thing she knew was that she lived corner of Warren and Broadway, so the police brought her up here. I sent her the next day to the corner of Warren and Broadway, but there were nothing but warehouses there, so we were very much puzzled. When the little girl came back I thought her heart would break. The tears rolled down her cheeks, and her face was hot with fever. O, it was roasting hot! I was afraid she would be sick. So I said:

"'Sissy, don't cry any more—lie down, and when you wake up your papa will be here.'

"'Oh, will he come, sure, will he?' sobbed the little girl

"'Yes, my child,' I said, and then I put her in the crib. She had a paper of peanuts and seventy cents in her pocket, which she said her mother gave her. These I put before her on a chair, and the little thing soon fell asleep.

"A LIGHT SHONE ON THE LITTLE GIRL'S FACE."

"About two o'clock in the morning," continued the matron, "somebody knocked at the door. I got up and struck a light, and as I opened it a man asked—

"'Have you got a little lost girl here?'

"'Yes, we've got three little girls here to-night,' I said.

"'But have you got a little with long golden hair, dressed in a little red hood and a plaid shawl?'

"'Yes, just such a one. Come in and see her.'

"Then," continued the matron, "I called all the children up, and he came in. The light shone on the little girl's face, as she stood there waiting. In a second the father had her in his arms.

"'How did you get over here, baby?' he cried, as he held his rough beard against her face. But the little child only sobbed and clung to him all the more."

"What was the child's mistake about the street?" I asked.

"Well, she lived corner of Broadway and Walton

street, Brooklyn, and she spoke Walton as if it were Warren."

A QUEER CASE.

A while ago a little boy, three and a half years old, living in Passaic Village, New Jersey, strayed away from home. He wandered to the railroad, and when he saw a car stop he thought it would be a nice thing to take a ride. So he climbed up the steps, got into the car, and rode to Jersey City. When the car stopped he wandered on to the ferry-boat with the surging crowd of passengers, and was soon at the foot of Courtlandt street, in the great City of New York. Here he played around a little while in high glee. By and by, as night came on, he began to be hungry and to cry for his father and mother. So a kind-hearted policeman picked him up, took him to the station-house, and the sergeant sent him to Mrs. Ewing's, at Police Head-quarters.

As soon as little Johnny was missed at home in Passaic, the search commenced. Dinner came, and no Johnny—then supper passed, and the father and mother began to be frantic. They searched everywhere for two days and two nights. The big foundry at Passaic was stopped, and one hundred workmen scoured the country. Then, as a last resort, his heart-broken father came to New York. After putting an advertisement in the *Herald*, he thought he would go to Police Headquarters.

Johnny was such a bright little boy that the matron had taken him out with her shopping on Broadway

when the father came, so he sat down till her return, to question her about lost children.

Judge of his astonishment and joy, after fifteen minutes' waiting, when Johnny came flat upon him with the matron.

"Why, my little boy!" cried the father, "How did you get here?" But Johnny was too full of joy to reply, and when his father went off to the telegraph office to tell the glad news to his mother, he cried till his father took him along too, and he wouldn't let go his father's hand till he got clear back to Passaic, for fear he would be lost again.

RICH CHILDREN.

"Do you ever have any rich people's children here?" I asked the matron.

"Yes, frequently. They get lost, shopping with their mothers on Broadway, and the Broadway Police have orders not to take the lost children whom they find to the station house, but to bring them directly here. And here their fathers and mothers frequently come after them."

"What other children get cared for here?" I asked.

"Well, the little Italian harp boys frequently come here with the police to stay over night, but after they get a nice warm breakfast, they suddenly remember where they live, and we let them go. They are very cute, they are!"

WHAT I SAW.

Yesterday I met in the great, seething Broadway

crowd three little lost children. They were struggling in the ceaseless ebb and flow of humanity on the corner of Fourteenth street, just by the statue of Lincoln. The youngest was a baby in arms, the next was a little girl prattler of three years, and the eldest, a boy, was, I should say, five. The little boy held the little baby tightly, and sobbed as if his swelling heart would break, while the little girl only looked very sad, without crying. She wasn't old enough to know that she was lost. I was so much interested that I watched them for some minutes to see what they would do, but the more they walked the more they got lost. Pretty soon they sat down on the curbstone, and the little girl laid her head in the little boy's lap, while he continued to sob. Now quite a crowd collected around them, asking them all sorts of questions, which they could not answer. They could not even tell where they lived—not even the street. In a few moments a policeman came along and tried to find out where the little things lived, but the more he questioned them the more frightened they got.

"Shall I take you to your mother, Johnny?" asked the policeman, patting the little boy on the cheek; but Johnny kept on saying as he had said for the last half hour, "O, I want my ma!"

"Well, Johnny," said the policeman, "come with me and we will find ma. We'll go and see her."

So Johnny took hold of one of the policeman's hands and his little sister the other, while he carried the baby in his arms and they all went off down Broadway to the lost child department to find their mother.

But alas! they did not find her.

JOHNNY AND THE BABY.

After the theater, being down town, I thought I would run in and see Mrs. Ewing and the children. The kind matron had five lost children asleep in her cradles and cribs.

"What has become of the little boy and girl?" I asked.

"Here they are," she said, "by the fire waiting patiently."

And there they were. Johnny had the little baby asleep in his arms, and his little sister was looking on and trying to advise him what to do. They were tending the baby like a little father and mother.

I suppose their parents have been to get them before this time, but it is a queer thing that there are so many people who have never heard of the "Lost Children's Department," and when they lose their children they do not know where to go to find them. Remember this, parents: Whenever your child is lost, go straight to your own police station, and if the child is not there, go to Mrs. Ewing's rooms at Police Headquarters, on Mulberry street.

THE ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

GEORGE HARDING, Esq., the distinguished Philadelphia patent lawyer, and a brother of William Harding, the accomplished editor of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, is remarkable for a retentive memory.

On Saturday, Mr. Harding rode down to Wall street in a Broadway omnibus. At the Domestic Sewing-Machine building a beautiful young lady got in and handed fifty cents to the distinguished attorney, requesting him to please hand it to the driver.

"With pleasure," said Mr. Harding, at the same time passing the fifty cents up through the hole to the stage-man.

The driver made the change, and handed forty cents back to Mr. Harding, who quietly put it away into his vest pocket, and went on reading a mowing-machine brief.

Then all was silence.

The young lady began to look nervously at Mr. Harding for her change. "Can it be possible that this is one of those polite confidence men we read of in books?" she thought to herself.

Then she looked up timidly and asked Mr. Harding something about the Brooklyn Ferry.

"Oh, the boats run very regular—every three minutes," replied the interrupted lawyer, trying to smile. Then he went on reading his brief.

"Do the boats run from Wall street to Astoria?" continued the young lady.

"I don't know, madame," replied Mr. H., petulantly; "I'm not a resident of New York: I'm a Philadelphian."

"Ah! yes"—(then a silence).

Mr. Harding again buried himself in his brief, while the young lady *ahem*ed and asked him what the fare was in the New York stages.

"Why, ten cents, madame—ten cents."

"But I gave you fifty cents to give to the driver," interrupted the young lady, "and——"

"Didn't he return your change? Is it possible? Here, driver!" the lawyer continued, dropping the brief and pulling the strap violently, "why the dickens don't you give the lady her—forty cents, sir, forty cents?"

"I did give her the change. I gave forty cents to you, and you put it in your own pocket," shouted back the driver.

"To me?" said Mr. Harding, feeling in his vest pocket, from which his fingers brought out four ten-cent notes. "Gracious goodness, madame! I beg ten thousand pardons; but—but——"

"OH, NEVER MIND!"

"Oh, never mind," said the lady, eyeing him suspiciously; "you know a lady in a wicked city like New York has to look out for herself. It's no matter—it wasn't the forty cents; but before I left home mother cautioned me against polite confidence men, who look so good outside, but——"

"Goodness gracious! my dear woman!" exclaimed Mr. Harding, while all the passengers eyed him with suspicion. "I assure you——"

But the stage stopped then, and the young lady, holding fast to her port-*money*, got out and fled into the Custom House, while Mr. Harding went on filling up in this form:

"Goodness gracious! Did you ever? O Lord! what shall I do?" etc.

The distinguished lawyer got so excited about the affair that he went back to Philadelphia next morning —a ruined man. He even forgot to take a $10,000 fee which Ketchum was to pay him in a mowing-machine case. He says he'd rather pay $10,000 than to let the Philadelphia fellows get hold of the story, for fear they would be asking him what he wanted to do with that poor woman's forty cents

CRIME IN SARATOGA.

HIDEOUS DEPRAVITY STILL UNPUNISHED.

SARATOGA was greatly excited yesterday on the discovery of an appalling and unnatural crime. We give the particulars hastily as they came to us:

As the guests of the United States Hotel were departing for the races Eli Perkins walked briskly up to the desk and informed Mr. Gage one of the proprietors of the States, that Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, had just thrown his son out of the window, and to please——

"What window—where?" interrupted a dozen voices at once.

"Out of the fourth story back," said Mr. Perkins, "onto the picket fence—— ——"

"What! threw his own son out of the window?" broke in Mr. Vanderbilt.

"Yes I suppose it was his own son," said Mr. Perkins quietly, "and a weakly son too. You see I wanted to see —— ——"

"By heavens! What are we coming to?" exclaimed Robert Cutting and John Kelly, wringing their hand—"and what was the provocation? What had the son done?"

"Nothing at all," said Mr. Perkins. "You see, I asked Governor Jewell if his son was there. He said 'yes on the lounge here,' and threw —— ——"

"I know," interrupted Mr. Travers, "the u—n natural f—f—ather m—m made a g— grab and th—th—threw his own son down on the picket fence b—b—below. O, th—th—the f—f—fiend!"

"Just so," said Mr. Perkins, lighting a cigar.

By this time there was great excitement throughout the hotel. Ladies, headed by John Hay, white with excitement, came rushing over from the cottages, wringing their hands, and the stronger men, like Senator Frelinghusen and Governor Cornell were ready to lynch the author of this fiendish act. As the local reporter of the *Saratogian* arrived on the spot; Mr. Gage and Mr. Tompkins, accompanied by Mr. Leonard Jerome and Colonel Kane, ran round the hotel to see the victim of this dreadful crime. Senator Warner Miller and Mayor Smith Ely accompanied them to take the dying boy from the sharp pickets and to take his post mortem statements.

Eli Perkins was the only unexcited man about. He sat quietly reading his newspaper.

"Why dont you get excited about this fiendish act, Eli?" exclaimed Mr. Marvin.

"What fiendish act?" asked Mr. Perkins.

"Why a man throwing his son—his only son out of a fourth story window."

"I don't see anything fiendish about it," said Eli, "it was an old son and of no use to the Governor, and ——"

"No use to the Governor! and do you think, because Governor Jewell had no use for his son he had a right to throw such a son out of the window?" interrupted Isaac N. Phelps.

"Why, of course he had a right to do as he chose with his own son," said Mr. Perkins.

"As I was saying I told the Governor to just toss it down to me, and he gave it a throw, and—"

"It? what do you mean by calling a boy an it?" interrupted a dozen voices.

"Why who said it was a boy?" asked Mr. Perkins, greatly surprised, "I said Governor Jewell threw his *Sun*, a weekly *Sun*, out of the window to me. It was an old *Sun*: he had read it and I wanted to read it myself, and—"

In just two minutes by Judge Fitch's old yellow watch, the office was cleared and no one heard how Eli Perkins finished the sentence. Somebody told our reporter that Eli was trying to illustrate the proverb that "truth, absolute truth was sometimes stranger than fiction."—*Daily Saratogian.*

"I LOFE AN HONEST POY."

THE other day, our little boy went over to Jacob Abraham's clothing store to get a two-dollar bill changed. By some mistake, Abraham made a mistake in the change—paid him twenty-five cents too much.

We sent little Frank back to return the extra quarter, which by the way looked a little ragged. Entering the store and holding out the ragged money, the boy said:

"You changed a two-dollar bill for me, here's a quarter—"

"Shanged nodinks! I shanged no pills mit you!" exclaimed Jacob, thinking Frank wanted him to take a ragged quarter back.

"Yes you did and here's a quarter—"

"Mein Gott, I vas a liars! never in my life did I see sich a poys. I dells you you never shanged me mit any pills."

"Why I was here not half an hour ago, and you gave me a quarter—"

"Gif you some quarters, gif you some quarters! Got in hamil, young feller, do yon dink I pin gone grazy mit my prains? I don't gif you some quarters. Now, make yourself seldom, ride away, pefore I but shoulders on your head," and he commenced to move out from behind the counter.

"O, you didn't give me the quarter! All right; all right, squire. I'm just a quarter ahead." and he started to go out.

"Now," said the German, putting himself in an attitude of admiration, "dot is vat I likes to see petter as nothings else. I lofe an honest poy, and I shoost been trying you, sonny. Yaw it was me what makes shange mit ter pill, and I knows it all der same, but I vas drying you, and I gifs you a nice pig apples for your honesty," and (pocketing the quarter) he led the boy back to the rear end of the store, and selecting an apple about the size of a marble, he presented it to the boy, and patting him on the head, said: "Now, run along home, sonny, and tell your volks vat a nice p-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l old shentleman it vas who gif you dot nice apples."

GET THERE ELI.

WHERE THE EXPRESSION ORIGINATED.

THE expression, "Get there Eli," originated in this manner:

Eli Perkins took a special train from Mason City, Iowa, through Iowa to meet a lecture engagement. The train went 80 miles an hour. Everywhere along the track the people shouted

"Get there Eli!"

"Get there Eli !!"

Mr. Perkins describes this trip in the following letter to the Chicago Tribune:—

On the cars up in Iowa, Dec., 1881.

EDITOR CHICAGO TRIBUNE:—

I can now see why Geo. W. Curtis, Wendell Phillips, Dr. Chapin, Anna Dickinson and a host of veteran lecturers have also practically retired from the platform. They could not stand the wear and tear of railroads, sleeping-cars, night changes and irregular meals. Riding every day, and talking every night, wears them out, and we see them shattered and broken down. Anna Dickinson's constitution is ruined; Saxe was smashed up on a train; Gough is on his last legs and has to be nursed like a child, and Wendell Phillips is so feeble that he refuses to lecture where he cannot return to Boston the same night. So, as the veterans become

old and spavined, the call upon the younger orators, humorists and readers increases. The insatiable public demands more victims!

How far does the average lecturer travel during the Winter?

Well, last Winter I lectured 127 times and traveled over thirty-nine thousand miles (the exact number was 39,342.)

One night I rode all night long over the prairie from Osage, Iowa, to catch the morning train at Northwood for Des Moines, only to find it taken off. I shall never forget that morning! Benumbed with cold, we rode up to the depot, and I shouted:

"Has the five o'clock train left for Mason City?"

"The wl at train left for Mason City?" asked the agent, rubbing his eyes.

"The five o'clock train!"

"Why, goodness gracious, man, she left last Fall! She's a Summer train; she won't run again until next April, but you can sit around the depot here and wait for her; it's only four months, and—"

"Thunderation—!" and then I sat down and almost cried. A thousand people waiting for me in Des Moines, and I a thousand miles away waiting for a Summer train? Oh, it was too horrible—this riding all night over a dreary prairie to arrive at a frozen-up station to wait for a Spring train!

What did I do?

Why, I took another carraige, rode thirty-five miles further over the prairie to Mason City, saw the Superintendent of the Central Iowa, and with tears in my eyes told him my story.

"Why, good Lord, Eli you needn't feel so bad; we can get you there yet," said Mr. Parker, as he slung his right fist down on to the telegraph table.

"How?" I asked pleadingly.

"Why, telegraph President Grinnell. He's a Garfield man and so are you. Why, he would send you to the devil for that Garfield interview of yours! he'd a—"

"Click, click, click," went the telegraph, and then this reply came from President Grinnell:

"Yes. Can have an engine for $50. Get Eli through to Des Moines if you have to kill him to do it!"

"In ten minutes I was on the engine, and away we went flying through Iowa. Oh how we did fly!"

The village of Hampton looked like one long house. More coal, and the stations began to hitch together. Whistled for Ackley, but the locomotive ran clear ahead of the sound and beat the whistle into town forty seconds. In fact we were off five miles towards Marshalltown before the whistle came loafing into Ackley. We went through Marshalltown like a streak of chain lightning. The town looked like a few splotches of maroon paint on a side hill. The people all shouted:

"Get there Eli!"

"Get there Eli!!"

Whistled for Grinnell, turned the corner, and ran into Des Moines at 9 o'clock and five minutes, tired, black and miserable, but went to the Opera House and talked as though I had just come over in a carriage from the bridal chamber of the City Hotel. The audience screamed and laughed when I told them about freezing my ears, and, when I told them what mental agony I had suffered during the last twenty-four hours, they screamed again; they actually thought I was lying.

Oh its glorious Mr. Editor! glorious to deliver a humor ous lecture with frozen ears and on an empty stomach! Glorious!

But I am not selfish Mr. Editor; oh no! so the Bureau can let Mark Twain and Beecher, and a lot of those old fellows who haven't long to live, take the rest of the glory. I think I will stay and suffer in my sweet little cosy brown-stone house this winter, unless the Bureau has some deep-seated grudge against some wicked town and must have me to cancel it. In the meantime, may a kind Providence protect you.

From your friend,

ELI PERKINS.

P. S. My address henceforth will be in the bosom of my family: 44 East 76th St., New York City.

LECTURE EXPERIENCES.

THEY told me the following religious anecdote about Josh Billings one night when I lectured up in Poughkeepsie.

It seems that Josh used to be an auctioner, and they say that in times of great mental strain, has been known to swear. Many people do the same. Horace Greeley did, so does ex-Senator Chandler. Well, on one of these occasions, old Deacon Crosby came to Mr. Billings and expostulated with him. Said he—

"Joshua, you should not swear. It is wrong, Joshua, —all wrong."

"I know it, said Josh," almost shedding tears in his excessive humility—"but, the fact is, Deacon, I don't mean anything by it. Why, Deacon, I don't mean any more by my swearing than you do by your praying."

TIME IS MONEY.

I LECTURED in a good old Quaker town up in Pennsylvania a few weeks ago, writes Eli Perkins, and after the lecture the Lecture Committee came to me with my fee in his hand, and said as he counted the roll of bills:

"Eli, my friend does thee believe in the maxims of Benjamin Franklin?"

"Yea," I said.

"Well, friend Eli, Benjamin Franklin, in his Poor Richard maxims, says that 'Time is money.' "

"Yes, verily, I have read it," I said.

"Well, Eli, if 'time is money,' as thy friend, Poor Richard says, and thee believe so, then verily I will keep the money and let thee take it out in time."

THE NEW SILVER DOLLAR.

My Uncle Consider stood looking at one of the new silver dollars, and, seeing "*In God we trust*" on one side, and the "*United States of America*" on the other, sadly remarked:

"Well, Eli, I knew we were becoming a very wicked and worldly people, but I never expected to live to see the day when God and the United States would be on opposite sides." "Arise and sing!"

A SERMON.

Whoever plants a leaf beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by-and-by,"
He trusts in God.

Whoever sees, 'neath Winter's field of snow,
The silent harvests of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says "'to-morrow," "The unknown,"
"The future," trusts unto that power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comforts knows.

ELI PERKINS AND THE DETROIT BARBERESS.

THREE times I walked by, and finally I formed a courageous resolution, and, hanging my head as a member of the Young Men's Christian Association does when he goes into the Mabille or Harry Hill's, I plunged in. I trembled from head to foot as soon as I entered the door. I couldn't look the pretty barberess in the face. I couldn't summon up courage enough to speak to her. In fact, I had nothing to say. So I stood and looked very sheepish.

"Have a shave sir?" said the pretty barberess, advancing with a razor in one hand, and with the other pointing to the chair.

"Yes, shave!" I gasped, and flung myself into a chair.

"Why, you've just been shaved!" she said, drawing her silky palm across my face.

"Have I?" I said, and then recollecting, I stammered, "Ah, yes, shaved this morning early. I always shave twice a day."

"Shave close?" asked the pretty girl.

"Yes, the closer the better."

"Hair cut, too?"

"Yes, everything!"

And then she commenced. With a little camel's hair brush she painted my face with white soapsuds. Then she put her little fingers plump against my face and rubbed it all over. She stood behind me and put her arms around my neck. I saw her in the glass in front. I never felt so in my life. "What would my wife say to this?" I thought. "Still everybody in Detroit does it, and why not I?" So I shut my eyes and let her go on. After rubbing her velvet fingers over my cheeks and chin until the beard was softened, she took out a razor honed it, and placing one arm clear around my head, and her hand against my face to steady it, commenced the downward movement of the blade. Once or twice I tried to look the pretty barberess in the face, but I couldn't. So I sat and took it with my eyes shut. I don't think I enjoyed it. And still I let her go on. She shaved me, drew her silky hand all over my face to see if it was closely shaven, and then combed my hair.

"Shall I wax your mustache, sir?"

"Yes, wax away!"

Then she leaned over me until I could hear her breathe and feel her heart beat, placed her little fingers under my mustache, and waxed the ends. Now, I never wear my mustache waxed, but I couldn't ask her to stop.

"There! does it suit?" she said as she dusted off my neck and removed the apron.

"Yes, its just right—lovely!" I said, "too sweet for anything!" and then strode down to the depot to find

the train just gone, and that this Detroit barberess had caused me to miss a lecture engagement and a hundred-dollar fee.—*N. Y Sun.*

A KIND WORD FOR ELI.

No man, says a well known book renewer, has been a more patient or a harder working journalist than Eli Perkins. He has been faithful and deserving, working up from the bottom round, until now through his works he is known wherever the English language is spoken. For years he contributed his column daily to the New York *Commercial Graphic* and *Sun.* His daily articles in the *Commercial* in 1872 ran the circulation of that Journal from 3,000 to 21,000 in six weeks.

Why was this?

Because his articles are always fresh, vigorous and original. He has a moral point to make in every paragraph. It may be hidden to the casual reader, but the thoughtful can see his aim. For example, here are two of his simple paragraphs. See what a scathing satire it is on the Californians who treat the poor Chinamen like dogs—who, while complaining of the Chinaman's dishonesty, are ten times as dishonest and reckless themselves!

These are the little satirical paragraphs:

A CONSISTENT MAN.

I met a Californian to-day who says he don't believe Chinamen have ordinary common sense.

"They haven't ordinary sagacity, Uncle Eli," he said.

"Why," I asked.

"Because," said he, growing excited about it, "because, b-e-c-a-u-s-e they haven't."

"But why!" I asked. "I want to know an instance where a Chinaman has ever shown himself to be a darn fool."

"Why, Eli, I've known a Chinaman to secrete two aces in his sleeves, and when I've played the three aces I had secreted in my sleeves, why there'd be five aces out! How absurd!"

"Yes, that was very foolish for the Chinaman; but what other cases of foolishness have you seen among the Chinamen?" I asked.

"Why, it was only the day before I left 'Frisco, Mr. Perkins, that we put some tar and feathers on one of them Johnnys, just to have a little fun, and then set fire to it to amuse the children, and the darn fool ran into a clothes-press and spoiled a dozen of my wife's dresses putting out the fire, though I told him better all the time. Dog-on-it, it is enough to make a man loose faith in the whole race!"

And then that good Californian threw a colored waiter out of a fourth story window, and went on cutting off his coupons.

Day after day Mr. Perkins used to write these paragraphs till he found them floating all over the world.

ELI PERKINS ON PROPOSING

OLD FASHIONED WAY.

"MAY I call you Paula?" he asked modestly.

"Yes," she said faintly.

"Dear Paula!—may I call you that?"
"I suppose so."
"Do you know I love you?"
"Yes."
"And shall I love you always?"
"If you wish to."
"And will you love me—will you," he repeated.
"You may love me," she said again.
"But don't you love me in return?"
"I love you to love me."
"Won't you say something more explicit?"
"I would rather not."
They were married and happy within three months.

NEW FASHIONED PROPOSAL.

Her eyes shone a beautiful, joyous light when he leaned forward and said:

"Well, Julia, to be frank with you, I think that under some circumstances I might love you. Now do you love me?"

Yes, Augustus, I do love you, you know I do," and then she flung her alabaster arms around his neck.

"I am very glad, Julia," he said, "for I like to be loved."

"Well, Augustus?"

But Augustus never said another word. Fashionable fellows never say more than that nowadays.

They were never married.

MORAL.—Girls, never tell a fellow that you love him till he has asked you to be his wife.

ELI ON JOHN CHINAMAN.

MRS. VAN AUKEN, of Fifth Avenue, recently employed a Chinese cook—Ah Sin Foo. When the smiling Chinaman came to take his place, Mrs. Van Auken asked him his name.

"What is your name, John?" commenced the lady.

"Oh! my namee Ah Sin Foo."

"But I can't remember all that lingo, my man. I'll call you Jimmy."

"Velly wellee. Now wha chee namee I callee you?" asked Ah Sin, looking up in sweet simplicity.

"Well, my name is Mrs. Van Auken; call me that.

"Oh!" me can no 'member Missee Vanne Auken. Too big piecee namee. I callee you Tommy—Missee Tommy."

A DEATH SENTENCE REVERSED.

THE HERO OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.

"CAPTAIN MASON used to be a drinker and a fighter himself like the other Hickory Bayou boys," said Col. Baker, the chairman of the Cairo (Ill.) Lecture Association. "He's joined the church now, but he always takes care of every drunken man he sees. See, he's putting Whiskey Bill into his wagon now."

"But why does he interest himself so for Whiskey Bill?" I asked.

"Well, as I was saying, the Captain used to be a drinker and a fighter himself. He was sentenced to be shot once in the army for fighting. He struck an officer, —got on a drunken frolic, and ——"

"How did the Captain escape?" I asked.

"Well," said the Colonel, "Mason, with a dozen fellows from the Hickory Bayou enlisted in my regiment. He was a splendid soldier,—always ready for battle,—one of the best men in the regiment, but he would have his sprees. One day, about three weeks before the battle of Mission Ridge, Mason brought a canteen of whiskey into camp, and, always generous, went to giving it to the boys. This was against orders; so I ordered my Major to arrest him and put him in the guard-house. Mason found out that the Major was after him with a squad of men, and, full of deviltry, he commenced dodging around behind the tents to keep from being arrested. But pretty quick in trying to keep away from the men, he ran square against the Major."

"Here, you rascal!" said the Major, seizing him by the coat-collar, without giving him a chance to explain, "Now you walk to the guard-house! I'll fix you, you scoundrel."

"But; in the excitement of the moment, Mason knocked the Major flat, and then he went and gave himself up."

"What was done about it?" I asked.

"Well, Mason was tried before a court-martial for striking a superior officer, sentenced to be shot, and the sentence was sent to Gen. Jeff C. Davis to be approved. Then poor Mason was imprisoned on bread and water, with a ball and chain to each foot."

"Did Gen. Davis approve the sentence?"

"Yes, he approved it."

"But how did Mason escape being shot?"

"Well, the next day, before the approved sentence arrived, came the battle of Mission Ridge, and our regi-

ment was ordered forward. Mason, of course, was in the rear, under guard, with a ball chained to his ankles. We heard the Rebel canon in front all the forenoon. We knew there was a big battle on, and we needed all our men. So I rode over to the guard-house and told Mason that we would have to leave him behind alone with his ball and chain on till the battle was over."

"Let me go with the boys, Colonel!" pleaded Mason, "I don't want to see the boys in a fight without me."

"But you might escape, Mason. You know there is a sentence hanging over you."

"By heavens, Colonel! you ain't going into this fight without me!" and the tears came to his eyes.

"Got to, Mason," I said "I can't trust you."

"Then," continued the narator, "the order came from Gen. Davis for our regiment to move up and charge a Rebel redoubt, and the boys dashed forward. It was an awful fight. Twice they enfiladed us, and the Rebel bullets mowed down our men by dozens, while the Rebel flag still waved on the redoubt."

"Colonel, you must capture that redoubt!" was the order that came from Gen. Davis.

"Our men were now badly tired out, and the dead and wounded lay all around us; but I got our men together, and made the final charge. Gods! what a charge! My horse was killed under me. The men went forward in a shower of bullets. I thought they were going straight for that flag; then all at once they wavered. The bullets flew like rain, and the advance men were all shot down. There was no one to lead, and I thought all was lost. Just then I saw a man come rushing up from the rear. He grabbed a dead soldier's repeating-rifle, pushed right through the dead and dying,

reached the head, and pushed up to the redoubt. The boys saw him, took courage, and followed. In a moment I saw the brave fellow swing his rifle around him on the top of the redoubt, grasp the flag-staff and break it off, while the boys struggled up the side and emptied their guns into the retreating Rebels.

The day was ours! As I came up I shouted!

"Who took the flag, boys?"

"It was Mason!" said the boys, and looking down, I saw a broken chain and a shackle still on his ankle!"

Then the narator's voice choked him, and the tears came into his eyes.

"I couldn't help it, Colonel," said Mason, "I couldn't see the boys fighting alone; so I got the ax and pounded off the ball and chain, and now, Colonel, I'll go back and put 'em on again."

"Go back and put them on again!" I almost cried. "No, sir! Mason, I'll put them on myself first." "Then," said the Colonel, "I reflected that this wasn't military and I told the brave fellow to stay with two of the boys."

"That night," continued the Colonel, "I wrote over to Gen. Davis about Mason's bravery; how he captured the Rebel flag and led the regiment to victory; in fact, saved the battle; and begged him if he had not approved Mason's sentence of death, to send it back to the Court unapproved. In an hour the messenger came back with the paper. The sentence had been approved before the battle, but Gen. Davis took his pen and wrote across the bottom:

"The findings of the Court disapproved. Private Thomas Mason, for distinguished bravery in capturing a Rebel flag, promoted to a Second Lieutenantcy."

"What did Mason say when you told him about his promotion?" I asked.

"Well," said the Colonel, "I read him the death-sentence, and its approval first. Mason sank down, his face fell on his arm, and I heard a deep groan. Then he said as his eyes filled with tears:

"Well, Colonel it is hard, but I can stand it if any one can."

"But here is another clause, Mason," I said. "On account of your splendid bravery yesterday you have been promoted to a Second Lieutenantcy."

"What me? Colonel, me?"

"Yes Lieut. Mason, you!"

"Thank God!" burst out, and the bravest man in the Northern army stepped into his tent to send a streak of sunlight to cheer up his broken-hearted mother."

"And that's the man who just lifted Whiskey Bill into his wagon!"

"Yes, sir, that's the man, and he's brave enough to do anything, from pulling down a Rebel flag to leading a drunken comrade out of a saloon."

THREE-CARD MONTE MEN.

HOW THEY SWINDLED A POOR CLERGYMAN.

ON THE WING, Feb. 9.—The reason why I urge upon every one, however smart, not to put too much confidence in his own smartness, will be seen further on.

Yesterday I had to wait several hours at Monmouth, Ill., a station on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Road. Monmouth has been frequented by three-card monte men for years. I have always known it, have often seen them there, and have often written about them.

Well, yesterday they were there again. One of them, with a Canada-Bill dialect, wanted to show me some strange "keerds" that he got up in Chicago.

"What were you doing up there?" I asked, knowing that he was a three-card monte man, and feeling an interest in his modes.

"Me and pap," he said, "took up some hogs. We took up a pile on 'em, an' made a heap; but pap he got swindled by a three-keerd monte man. Got near ruined. But I grabbed the keerds, and I'll show you how they done it."

"Never mind, boys," I said, "I know all about it. I know the whole racket. Now I'll keep quiet, mind my own business, and let you try your monte game on some one a little more fresh."

The monte-boy saw at once that I was posted, and soon turned his attention to a good-looking, jolly, young,

and innocent clergyman in the depot. In a few moments I saw that the innocent clergyman had become deeply interested. His interest grew as he watched the cards. There were three ordinary business-cards, like these:

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
Dr. Radway, N. Y.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER,
New York.

WEBER'S PIANOS,
New York.

"I believe I can tell which card has Weber's Pianos on it," said the innocent clergyman.

"All right—try it," said the monte-man, flopping them about.

"There, that one!" said the clergyman, smiling.

Sure enough he was right.

"I don't see how your poor father could lose all his money at such a simple game as that," said the clergyman. "Why, your eyes can see the cards all the time."

"Suppose you bet $5 that you can tell," suggested the monte-man.

"All right, I'll risk it," said the clergyman, "though I don't like to win money that way."

The cards were turned, and of course the poor, unsuspecting clergyman lost. Again he tried it, hoping to get his $5 back, but lost again. Then he put up his last dollar and lost that. Then seeming

to realize his situation, he put his hand to his head and walked out of the depot.

"To think," he said, "that I, a clergyman, should get caught at this game. Why, I might have known it was three-card monte. I've no respect for myself," and he wiped his eyes like a man who felt the most acute condemnation.

"Why don't you complain of the scoundrel?" I said.

"I would, but I'm a clergyman, and if they should hear of my sin and foolishness in Peoria, I would be relieved. My family would suffer for my sins."

"Then I'd keep quiet about it," I said; "but let it be a lesson to you never to think you know more than other people."

"But they've got my last dollar, and I want to go to Peoria. I must be there to preach on Sunday," said the innocent, suffering man.

"Can't you borrow of some one?" I asked.

"No one knows me, and I don't like to tell my name here after this occurrence," said the poor man half crying.

"Very well," I said, "hand me your card, and I will let you have $5, and you can send it to me at the Palmer House, Chicago, when you get to Peoria," and I handed the poor man the money.

A moment afterwards I spoke to the agent at the depot about the wickedness of those monte-men, and told him how I had to lend the poor clergyman $5 to go home.

"And you lent him five dollars?"

"Yes, I lent the poor man the money."

"Well, by the great guns!" and then he swung his hat and yelled to the operator:

"Bill, you know that ministerial-looking man around here?"

"You mean the capper for the three-card monte-men, don't you?—Bill Keyes—Missouri Bill."

"Yes."

"Well, by the great guns, he's the best man in the whole gang; he's just struck old Eli Perkins for $5. It does beat me what blankety-blank fools them darned literary fellers are!" Yours, tearfully.—*Chicago Tribune*.

WHY ELI PERKINS BECAME A LECTURER AND WRITER.

I STUDIED law once in the Washington law School. In fact, I was admitted to the bar. I shall never forget my first case. Neither will my first client. I was called upon to defend a young man for passing counterfeit money. I knew the young man was innocent, because I lent him the money that caused him to be arrested. Well, there was a hard feeling against the young man in the county, and I pleaded for a change of venue. I made a great plea for it. I can remember, even now, how fine it was. It was filled with choice rhetoric and passionate oratory. I quoted Kent and Blackstone and Littleton, and cited precedent after precedent from the Digest of State Reports. I wound up with a tremendous argument, amid the applause of all the younger members of the bar. Then, sanguine of success, I stood and awaited the Judge's decision. It soon came. The Judge looked me full in the face and said:

"Your argument is good, Mr. Perkins, very good, and I've been deeply interested in it and when a case comes up that your argument fits, I shall give your remarks all the consideration that they merit. Sit down!"

This is why I gave up law and resorted to lecturing and writing for the newspapers.—*N. Y. Sun.*

ELI PERKINS ON THAD STEVENS.

When I lectured before the Carlisle (Pa.) Teachers' Institute they told me innumerable stories about that grim old patriot and Anti-Slavery Agitator, Thad Stevens.

One day the old man was practising in the Carlisle courts and he didn't like the ruling of the presiding Judge. A second time the Judge ruled against "old Thad," when the old man got up with scarlet face and quivering lips and commenced tying up his papers as if to quit the court room.

"Do I understand, Mr. Stevens," asked the Judge, eyeing "old Thad" indignantly, "that you wish to show your contempt for this Court?"

"No, sir; no, sir." replied "old Thad." "I didn't want to show my contempt, sir; I'm trying to conceal it!"—*N. Y. Star.*

NEWSPAPER WITTICISMS.

The witty paragraphers will have their fun at the expense of their brother journalists. Eli Perkins and George Alfred Townsend being known to every reader

in the country, become handy pegs for the paragrapher to hang his jokes on. Indeed, Perkins and Townsend are used by the press as lay figures around which a great deal of newspaper fun is draped.

For instance, the witty Chicago *Times* says:

"We see Eli Perkins has writen a long letter in the New York *Sun* on the Pennsylvania gas wells. He speaks very favorably of them, which is very generous on the part of Eli, when we come to think that these gas wells are the only real rivals he has."

Then Gregory, the wit of the Buffalo *Express*, says:

"The evidence came out in the trial of Robert Smith, of Herkimer county, for incendiarism, that he burnt a neighbor's house the night that Eli Perkins lectured in that town. If Mr. Smith can prove by competent witnesses that he did actually commit the great crime after hearing Eli Perkins lecture, the jury will, no doubt, bring in a verdict of justifiable incendiarism."

In return for this witty assault, Eli Perkins sharpens his pen and hangs this joke on George Alfred Townsend:

"When George Alfred Townsend had a headache in Saratoga, last summer, he didn't drink the Congress water to cure it, but he quietly went across the street into Deacon Newcomb's garden, and laid a large cabbage leaf in the top of his hat, when his headache immediately disappeared. The cure was effected through the well-known homeopathic principle that 'like cures like.'"

Then Mr. Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier Journal*, defends Mr. Perkins thus:

"Eli Perkins a liar? Perish the thought! We have always considered Eli Perkins the centennial truth teller—he tells a truth every hundred years."

ELI PERKINS STRIKES A RICH MAN.

Eli Perkins ran across a San Francisco man a few days ago in Chicago who was travelling for pleasure.

"But," said the great Gotham fabricator. "You do not seem to be having such a very hilarious time."

"No; I'm not travelling for my own pleasure, but for my wife's pleasure."

"Oh! then your wife is with you?"

"No; oh, no; she is in San Francisco."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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